

John Daley Preu Weaver High School Yearbook Collection 1924 to 1970

John Daley Preu was born July 23, 1913 in Hartford, CT. . John was educated in Hartford, and received his degree in art illustration from the Pratt Institute in New York. He became an art teacher in 1937 at Weaver High School, the same high school that he graduated from in 1931. He retired in 1970 as the head of the Weaver art department. During his teaching years at Weaver, he collected a yearbook for every year he taught.

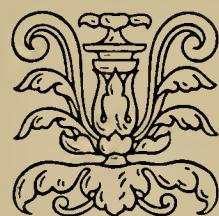
While he was a teacher at Weaver, he married Odile E Burke the daughter of the principle of Weaver High at the time, Frank H Burke. Yearbooks from 1924 to 1937 were originally part of Frank H Burke's collection of Weaver yearbooks but were given to John D. Prue to add to his collection.

The collection was inherited by his sons Mark and Christopher. In January of 2019 Robert James Ellis contacted them to borrow some of the Weaver yearbooks for his Weaver High Yearbook digitization project. Because of Ellis's interaction with Brenda Miller, director of Hartford Public Library History Center and being aware that the library was missing many of the Weaver High yearbooks from 1924 to 1970, Robert suggested to Mark and Christopher Preu that they could donated the collection to the library and they agreed.

All of the Weaver High Yearbooks from 1924 to 2010 except 1927B have been digitized and can be viewed for free by all on the Internet at archive.org. Robert Ellis is thankful to Tim Bigelow at the archive.org scanning facility in Boston for his advice and guidance while working on the Weaver High Digitization Project.

Thank you Mark and Christopher Preu for your donating your Dad's Collection.

Class Book



1931 B

“Vincit Qui Se Vincit”

Thomas Snell Weaver High School
Hartford, Connecticut

In appreciation of
her frank but constructive criticism,
tempered always with
a fine sense of humor
which endeared her to
those who knew her
both as a teacher and as a friend,
we dedicate this

Class Book of 1931

to

Elizabeth H. Craig, A. M.



Foreword

IN editing this book, it has been our aim to cherish and preserve those bits of friendship and good cheer that have made themselves manifest during our high school days. We have been convinced in our endeavor that it is a true saying which reads, "It may seem difficult to live a good life, but it is much harder to write one." So may time lend a beauty to our work that will enrich its lines along with the passing years. We wish to thank Miss Craig and Mr. Stanley for their kind assistance as faculty advisors.

D.T.S.





WEAVER FACULTY

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| William C. Holden, <i>M.E., A.M.</i> | <i>Principal</i> |
| Frank H. Burke, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>Vice Principal</i> |
| Faith H. Talcott, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>Vice Principal</i> |
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| Harriet D. Best, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>English, History</i> |
| Miretta L. Bickford, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>History</i> |
| Jennette Bodurtha, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>Biology</i> |
| Frederic R. Briggs, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>English</i> |
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| Marion A. Case | <i>Stenography, Typewriting</i> |
| Lydia M. Chapman | <i>Stenography, Typewriting</i> |
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| Alice H. Clark, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>English</i> |
| Portia E. Clough | <i>Home Economics</i> |
| Genevieve W. Conklin, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>Latin</i> |
| Elizabeth H. Craig, <i>A.M.</i> | <i>English</i> |
| Melvin G. Crowell, <i>A.M.</i> | <i>English</i> |
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| Philip H. Dow, <i>A.M.</i> | <i>Geology, Physiology</i> |
| Mae Drescher, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>History</i> |
| Helen Duguid | <i>Music</i> |
| Margaret A. Dutting, <i>B.S.</i> | <i>French, German</i> |
| Mary E. Fleming, <i>R.N.</i> | <i>Nurse</i> |
| Anita P. Forbes, <i>A.M.</i> | <i>English</i> |
| Leonard I. French | <i>Mechanical Drawing</i> |
| Elizabeth Gleason, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>Music</i> |
| Katherine R. Goodwin, <i>B.S.</i> | <i>Stenography, Typewriting</i> |
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| William L. Hall | <i>Mathematics</i> |
| Mabel E. Hanks, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>French</i> |
| Henry A. Hanson | <i>Shop, Mechanical Drawing</i> |
| Verna C. Hardy, <i>B.S.</i> | <i>Mathematics</i> |



WEAVER FACULTY

| | |
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| Mildred G. Small, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>English, French</i> |
| Roderick K. Stanley | <i>Office Practice, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping</i> |
| Peter J. Steincrohn, <i>M.D.</i> | <i>School Doctor</i> |
| Frederick W. Stone | <i>Physical Education</i> |
| Arline S. Talcott, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>History</i> |
| Frank M. Van Schaack, <i>A.M.</i> | <i>English</i> |
| Helen Wakefield | <i>Physical Education</i> |
| Wayland F. Walch, <i>A.B.</i> | <i>Chemistry, Physics</i> |
| William R. Waring, <i>B.B.A.</i> | <i>Bookkeeping, Business Training</i> |
| Arthur F. Winslow, <i>A.M.</i> | <i>History, American Democracy</i> |



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Cartoonist — Merrill Finesilver

Married
32 Appendix



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"Front" *Married*

Married 1932



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|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
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| Eleanor Maude Horn | Rose Sigal |
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| Doris Lynette Joseph | Laura Max Sklarinsky |
| Lilian Jean Kaprove | Ruth Sleeper |
| Roslyn Miriam Katz | Eva Sondick |
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| Dorothy Eileen Kearns | Isabel Edith Stein |
| Bernice Evelyn Keevers | Bessie Elizabeth Sundelson |
| Beatrice Kleiman | Florence Elizabeth Temple |
| Josephine Yosna Kleiman | Caroline May Frances Townsend |
| Frances Lorraine Kovner | Rosalie Tulin |
| Shirley Rosalie Krivitz | Melba Florence Twiss |
| Ethel Marjory Law | Ruth Joyce Vogel |

Lillian Adelle Zetoff



CLASS ROLL

BOYS

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Harry Harper Angus | Hyman Kirshnitz |
| Julian Applebaum | Ralph Hirsch Klein |
| Harold Baller | Samuel Julius Kostin |
| Harry Barrabee | Solomon Lantz |
| Samuel Nathan Brenner | Milton Levine |
| Frank Augustus Burke | John Edward Lynch, Jr. |
| Louis Laureat Carabillo | Max Edward Mandell |
| Eli Mitchell Cohen | Reuben Mattelson |
| Nathan Cohn | Cregar McCombe |
| John Joseph Connell | George McCombe |
| William John Corvo | Philip Menchel |
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| Walter Michael Downes | Samuel Parsons |
| Robert Taft Dunn | Claude Euclid Phenix |
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| Sam Eisenberg | Milton Roisman |
| Morris Ertman | Edward Bernard Rosenfield |
| Hyman Fineberg | Louis Benjamin Rosenthal |
| Merrill Joseph Finesilver | Francis Clement Sayers |
| Thomas Joseph Fitzgerald | Robert Scribner |
| Leon Friedman | Milton Bernard Shapiro |
| David Sydney Ginsburg | Saul Shvetz |
| Morris Goodman | Samuel Sinnreich |
| Philip Greenbaum | Leon Sondik |
| Duty Warren Greene | Donald Tucker Stewart |
| Marshall Elliot Greenspon | William Robert Stewart |
| Bernard Artemas Harger | John Oscar Van Oudenhove |
| Robert Henry Hart | Hermann Joseph Wagner |
| James Herbert Holden | Benjamin Weiner |
| Edward Donald Horowitz | Nathan Winick |
| Samuel Kaplan | Clifton Hanna Young |
| Charles Kenneth Kargman | Elmer Bernard Yudowitch |
| | William Saxe Zeman |



CLASS OF 1931B

Class Motto

VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT

Class Colors

Blue and Silver

President

William Corvo

Treasurer — Milton Roisman

Assistant Treasurer — Edward Rosenfield

Historians

Dorothy Farrell
John Connell

Orator

Frank Burke

Prophets

Virginia Earl
Walter Downes

Essayist

Lillian Sheketoff

COMMITTEES

Ring

Lillian Sheketoff

Harry Angus

Dorothy Farrell

Motto and Color

Helen Nolan
Arline Moran

Marie Ciarleglio

Natalie Baron
John Van Oudenhove

Tie

Manuel Eddy

Joseph De Bona

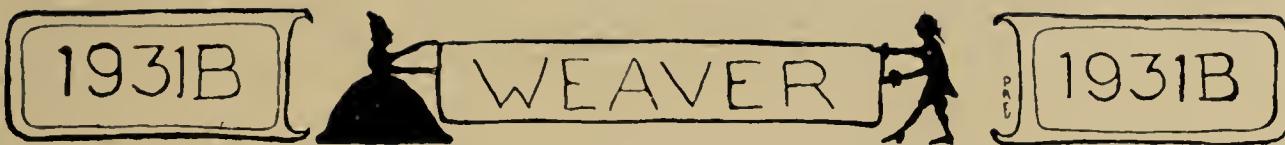
Herman Wagner

Reception

Nathan Cohen (*Chairman*)

Beatrice Kleiman
Robert Dunn

Helen Burwell
Leon Sondik



IDA ADOFF

"Ambition has no rest."

Ida was always in a hurry, especially after school, trying to attend two club meetings at the same time, and still do her typing for the "Lookout".

Northeast School. A. A. 3a 4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 1a-4b; Ingleside 2a-3b; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b; Lookout Typing Board 4a.



PAULINE M. AMBRUSO

"To business that we love we rise betime
And go to't with delight."

Pauline was a good commercial student and a pleasant companion. She spent many pleasant hours, we understand, in the typing room doing her budgets, and has made us feel that she will do well in the business world.

Arsenal School. Girls' League 2b-4b; Girls' Business Club 4b; Ingleside Club 2a-2b. No demerits, never tardy.

HARRY H. ANGUS

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus."

"Ox" held a popular position in our class, being the tallest boy and the first in the alphabet. When he started to score in a basketball game, it took a fast team to stop him. His football record was also good.

St. Joseph's Cathedral School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Ring Committee; Football Squad 3a, 1a; Basketball Squad 3a-4b; Class Marshal.





LOIS G. AVERY

"None can teach admirably if not loving his task."

Lois, the most athletic girl of our class, could certainly play soccer. She could also make herself useful when it came to teaching gym lessons. Lois was also quite enthusiastic about art and other subjects connected with it. She was a fine sport and very loyal to Weaver.

Lowell High School. A. A.: Girls' League; Girls' Leaders' Corps



EDNA J. AXELSON

"Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

Not many girls could boast of blond hair like Edna's. She was tactful and retiring during class recitations and yet had a sense of humor which made her popular.

Holcomb Street School. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 2a-4b; Girls' Business Club 2a-4b.

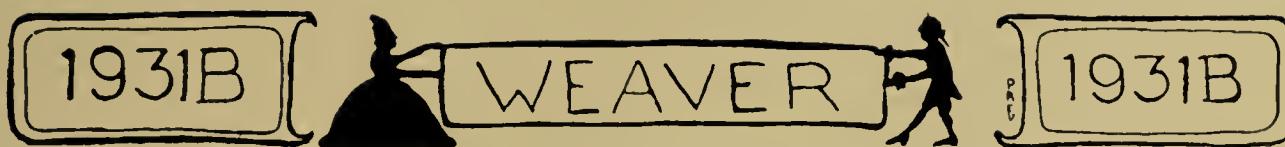


HAROLD BALLER

"Men of few words are the best men."

Harold was a quiet, steady worker. He didn't enter outside activities very much, but was a good sport. His math was generally finished before anyone else had time to start.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club; Soccer team.



NATALIE BARON

"Quietness is best."

Nathalie was always on time at club activities as well as in her school work. She did her work with a great deal of enthusiasm especially the typing of "Who's Who" for the Class Book.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-2b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside Club 4a; Business Club 4b; Color and Motto Committee; Typing Board Class Book. Never Tardy.



MARY ELIZABETH BARRETT

"Good nature is worth more than money, more than honor to those who possess it."

"Betty's" unfailing source of wit and lasting good nature have gained for her the reputation of our most cheerful and happy classmate. In spite of her seeming air of boredom and lack of interest, she has gone far in scholastic and social activities of Weaver.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Lookout Editorial Board 2b-4a, Reporter, Organizations, Secretary; French Club 3a-3b; C. H. L. S. 4a-4b; Honor Society 4a-4b; Girls' Leaders Corps 3b-4b.

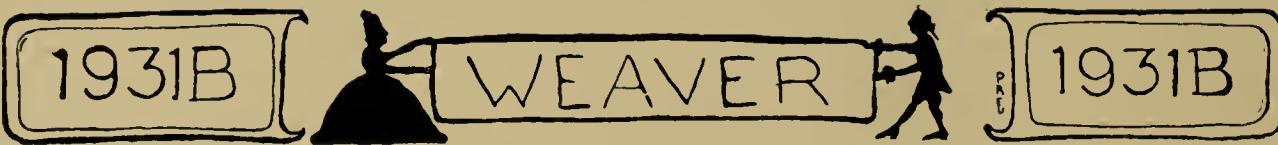
ANNA R. BLUMENTHAL

"Happiness is a rare cosmetic."

"Ann" came to Weaver from Ansonia during her junior year. She has distinguished herself by her mouse-like quietness and her eagerness to make a good record at Weaver.

Ansonia High School. A. A. 3a-4b; Girls' League 3a-4b; Girls' Business Club 4b. Never tardy, no demerits.





ETHYL V. BRAND

"Wit is the salt of conversation."

Ethyl! Our fair Amazonian! No one was ever bored when Ethyl was around. Her congeniality brought her many friends and few "blue" moments. Her ready wit and delicious sense of humor made her a popular girl.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 1a-4b; Glee Club; Ingleside Club.

S. NATHAN BRENNER

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

"Nat" showed his school spirit when it came to the football season by playing a fighting game at center. He not only hit the line but hit it hard. That's why he was so popular.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Football 1a-4b; Basketball; Track Team.



FRANK AUGUSTUS BURKE

"What the orators want in depth
They give you in length."

Frank could see the joke when others couldn't and often told them when he shouldn't. His blarney and good vocabulary was a great help. He worked hard, but also found time to entertain old friends and find new ones.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Commercial Club 2b-4b, President 4b; Honor Society 4a-4b; Junior Usher; Class Orator.



HELEN C. BURWELL

"She scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much."

Helen was one of our most capable girls. She often stayed till all hours, working for the Girls' League. She was also a firm supporter of the Basketball games at Weaver and could be seen cheering lustily for certain of the team.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b, Chairman membership committee; Girls' Leaders' Corps 4b-4b; Reception Committee. No demerits, never tardy.



LOUIS CARABILLO

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

Louis is probably our most talented musician. His violin playing has been an inspiration at many of our high school entertainments. We feel that he will some day appear as a most striking orchestra conductor with his dark hair and carefully trimmed mustache.

Northeast School. A. A. 4b; Boys' Club 4a-4b; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Junior Orchestra 1a, Concertmaster; Senior Orchestra 2a-4b, Concertmaster 4a-4b; Inter High Orchestra 2a-4b, Principal 3a-3b, Assistant Concertmaster 4a-4b; Glee Club 2a-4b.

GABRIELLA CHIAPPONI

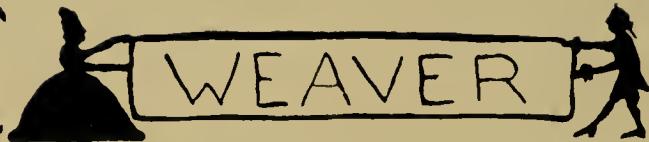
"Dark eyes — eternal soul of pride."

Snappy black eyes — dark hair — here comes Gabriella. Not many worked as industriously as she did in making up the days she missed at school.

Northwest School. A. A.; Girls' League; Choir; Glee Club; Ingleside Club.



1931B



1931B



MARIE A. CIARLEGLIO

"We are taken by neatness."

Marie was noted at Weaver for her neatness and quiet manner. However, in spite of her shyness, we found her to be a good "pal" and full of fun.

Alfred E. Burr School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Arts Craft Club 3a; Girls' Business Club 4a; Color and Motto Committee. Never tardy.

ELI M. COHEN

"To things of sale, a seller's praise belongs."

A spick and span business man — that's Eli. To increase the percentage of depositors in a senior room at Weaver was no small task for a bank cashier; was it, Eli? We enjoyed your advertising campaign on the blackboard, despite business depression.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b.

Alembert



NATHAN M. COHN

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

We believe we have variety in our class. Here is an example of "something different". Between "Nat's" school hours and haberdashery transactions, he has been kept quite busy. "Nat" must receive credit for having been a most successful Class Reception Chairman.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-3b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 3b; Boys' Commercial Club 2a-4b, Secretary 3b, Vice President 4b; Choir 2a-4b; Chairman of the Reception Committee.

Classroom sales man



JOHN J. CONNELL

"And if thou wouldest be happy, learn to please."

The true significance of John is not implied by his more common appellation — namely, "Peanuts". John has always supplied us with an abundance of cheer. What would be more incongruous with his nature than to find him in the mood of the "melancholy Jaques"?

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club; Soccer Team 4a; Class Historian.



Alice G. Conway
"A merry heart goes all the day."

"A" or "Red" was one of the most industrious girls. She gained honor for Weaver and herself in the "Business Educators' Contest", by winning first place in shorthand. Because of her genuine seriousness, she has attained honors by her scholastic efforts.

St. Joseph's Cathedral School.
A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Reporter "Lookout" Editorial Board, Business Board, Secretary 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b, Vice-President, Treasurer 4b; Honor Society 4a-4b; Class Book Business Board. No demerits, never tardy.

WILLIAM J. CORVO

"Self-love is better than any gilding."

"Bill" was one of the leaders of the class being class president. His work in Dramatic Club performances stamped him as a talented actor. We are sure that his memory will live on in the hearts of many of the fair sex at Weaver long after he has been graduated.

Northwest School. A. A. 4b; Boys' Club 4b; Dramatic Club 3b-4b, President 4b; Representative to Greater Hartford Play Tournament 4a-4b; Dramatic Club Plays — "Wurtzel Flummery" 3b, "Queens' Husband" 4a; President of Class.





CATHERINE M. CWIKLA

"Silence is wisdom."

Catherine has been a very conscientious student and has made a fine scholastic record during her schooling at Weaver. She has certainly proved that "actions speak louder than words," for although she has accomplished much, she has spoken little.

Newington Junior High School. Girls' League; Honor Society.



JOSEPH DEBONA

"Silence is the mother of truth."

"Joe" has always made us think of him as a mysterious type — unrevealing. Good qualities do not have to be advertised; they are evident.

Northwest School. A. A.; Boys' Club.



WALTER M. DOWNES

"Humor is the pensiveness of wit."

"Walt" had an extremely keen wit and fine sense of humor as those who were in his Solid Geometry class will testify. He was well fitted for the position of Class Prophet which he filled in an irreproachable manner. Last, but not least, we must mention that "Walt" was voted the best looking boy in the class.

A. A.; Boys' Club; Class Prophet.

Walter



ROBERT T. DUNN

"The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day."

"Bob" has made himself conspicuous by his attention to certain feminine members of the class. He also devoted himself to sports and was quite active in soccer and track.

Northwest.
A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b, Ex. Committee 4b; Glee Club 2a-4b, Librarian and Secretary; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Reception Committee; Track Team Manager.

Cop



VIRGINIA EARL

"Nature designed her to be of good cheer."

"Jinny" is one of the most popular girls in our class and has gained this position not only through her numerous activities but also by her charming personality. She possesses that rare quality of being a good sport, and by it has won recognition in several organizations.

Bulkely High School. A. A. Girls' Leaders' Corps, Sec. and Treas. French Club, Sec. "Lookout" Editorial Board; Class Prophetess; Honor Society.

MANUEL EDDY

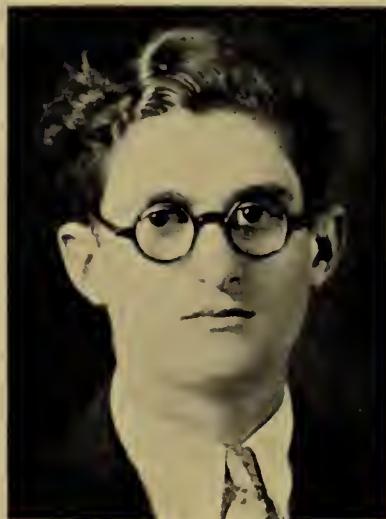
"Against the capitol, I met a lion who glared upon me."

"Buck" was one of the regular fellows of the class; his presence was always invigorating. We shall remember him as a real "he-man" despite his delicate moustache.

Northwest School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Choir; Football Squad; Chairman of Tie Committee.

*Alfred
Oliveide (9)
John Wright
25*





SAM EISENBERG

"I am sure cares are an enemy to life."

Sam has ability, but perhaps he was too modest to display it at school. Although he was rather quiet, he made plenty of noise with his clarinet at the Senior High Orchestra rehearsals.

Arsenal School. Boys' Club; Orchestra.

MORRIS ERTMAN

"What should a man do but be merry?"

"Moe", our aviator, was always "up in the air" when there was anything said dealing with aeronautics. He was full of knowledge on the subject and would talk on it day or night. He was also a good comedian.

Arsenal School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Glee Club 1a-4b.



DOROTHY M. FARRELL

"Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace!"

We do not know what the Girls' League would have done without "Dot". She has also attracted many masculine hearts. Dorothy was quite an athlete at Weaver. Perhaps she couldn't play basket-ball!

Northwest School. President Girls' League 4b; Vice President Girls' Leaders' Corps; Arts Craft Club; A. A.; Choir; Member of Class Ring Committee.

1931B



WEAVER

1931B

Alieid

ETHEL S. FEINGOLD

"Hear me, for I will speak."

Ethel was extremely active and successful in outside activities and also made a good scholastic record. Her tireless efforts in behalf of the Dramatic Club certainly proved valuable to that group.

Northwest School, Dramatic Club 3a-4b, Jr. Ex. Member 3b, Librarian 4a, Secretary 4b; French Club 3a-4b, Ex. Board 3a-4a; Girls' League 1a-4b; A. A. 1a-4b; Choir 1a-4b; Honor Society 3b-4b; Class Book Editorial Board.



ROSE FERRIGNO

"Mirth is God's medicine."

Many of us have admired Rose because of her cheerfulness, optimism, and jollity — characteristics which she has had since we have known her. She liked athletics and was an eager participant in many girls' sports.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 3a-4b.

HYMAN FINEBERG

"There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student."

Hyman has been with us only two years, but he has shown us that the boys in Maine aren't all backwoodsmen. He has done well in all his studies, but especially has he mastered the Latin rules and figures of speech, the knowledge of which has given him many opportunities for argument.

Portland High School, A. A.; Boys' Club 3a-4b.





MERRILL J. FINESILVER

"The perfection of art is to conceal art."

Merrill seems to be able to grasp all studies which he undertakes. Moreover, he has talent which may sometimes be of more advantage than his studies. He is also a clever cartoonist.

Arsenal School, Art-Crafts Club 4a-4b; A. A. 1a-4b; Junior Usher; Honor Society.

THOMAS J. FITZGERALD

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

"Fitz" surely knew his "math" at Weaver, and could solve many problems at which we could only stare and wonder. The confidence and earnestness with which he went into an enterprise were certain companions of success.

Arsenal School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club; Commercial Club; Junior Usher. Never tardy.



LEON FRIEDMAN

"There is no wisdom like frankness!"

Leon was an open-hearted and unassuming student, fond of reading, and eager to work. His true sincerity and friendliness have won for him a good place among us.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Upper Choir; "Look-out" reporter 3a-3b.



MATILDA GESUALDI

"Upon the cunning loom of thought
We weave our fancies, so and so."

Matilda knew her commercial studies thoroughly and also showed an interest in outside activities. Her willingness to work and her cheerful disposition will always be remembered by her classmates.

North East School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b; Ingleside Club 2b; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Exchange Manager "Lookout" Business Board 4b; Typist Staff of Class Book.



David S. Ginsburg
DAVID S. GINSBURG

"A business man, astute and keen."

"Dave" certainly was the business man of the Class, being business manager of the Class Book, which position in these "hard times" was no easy task. He was also an accomplished performer on the banjo, and entertained frequently at school affairs.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Glee Club 2a-4b; Secretary Boys' Glee Club 4a-4b; Chronicle Business Board 2a-2b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 4a-4b, Circulation Manager 4b; Junior Usher 3b; Choir 1a-4b; Business Manager of Class Book. No demerits, never tardy.

BEATRICE GLASSER

"One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score."

"Bea" had a liking for mathematics, and we understand was quite a success at problems. She had a tendency to tack on two little words, "I think," to her daily recitations. Was that just an expression of safety, or why did you always use it, "Bea"?

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; No demerits, never tardy.



1931B

WEAVER

1931B



TILLIE GOLDFARB

"Dignity of manner always conveys a sense of reserved force."

Tillie's quiet seriousness and dignity have followed her through her high school days. Her earnest desire to succeed makes us feel convinced that she will be well repaid in the commercial field, for her efforts.

Northwest School, Girls' League; Girls' Business Club; Ingleside Club.

ROSE D. GOODMAN

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Rose is very diligent and that accounts for her fine shorthand notes. With her persistence and business ability Rose should do well in the commercial field. We wish her success.

North East School, A. A. 3a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b; Ingleside Club, No demerits, never late.



PHILIP GREENBAUM

"And behold! David slew the giant."

"Pinney" was one of the outstanding athletes of the class, despite his lack of size. Many times when we saw him tackle some 200 pounder on the football field we never expected to see him again; but he fooled us and always emerged from the fray hale and hearty. He was also a member of the base-ball and basket-ball teams and a three letter man.

A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Basket-ball Squad; Football Squad; Base-ball Squad; Captain of Basket-ball team 4b. Never late.



DUTY W. GREENE

"What, ho! Young Lochinvar is come out of the West."

Duty came to Weaver this year all the way from Duluth, Minnesota. He lost no time, however, in joining the Dramatic Club and accredited himself very satisfactorily in the presentations of that group. Another of his achievements was the fact that he was never once seen looking disconcerted, which accomplishment is in itself a rare art.

East Jr. High School. Dramatic Club Vice President and Treasurer.



MARSHALL E. GREENSPON

"A gentleman makes no noise."

We shall always remember Marshall as a perfect example of the fact that it is possible to be quiet and dignified and yet look pleasant and contented.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 2a-4b; Senior Choir 2a-4b.

ELAINE J. GREENWALD

"Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of expression."

"Silence is golden" was Elaine's motto. However, the truth will out. Behind that cloak of quiet demureness, we found a strong inclination for fine literature. Just start Elaine talking on books. You'll wonder how she could have kept all that charm so tactfully hidden.

Northwest School. Girls' League 1a-4b; French Club 3a-4b; C. H. L. S. 4a-4b; Choir 2a-4b; Glee Club 2a 2b; Honor Society.





BERNARD A. HARGER

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

"Berny" has been the admiration of all of us. Never have we seen him without his jovial attitude. Physiology? just ask "Berny". He might have been small, but he tackled hard.

Holcomb Street School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Football Squad; Interclass Football 3a; Basketball 3a-4b; Club, Treasurer.



ROBERT H. HART

"I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee."

"Bob" seemed to be a pretty gay fellow among his own friends, but didn't mix very much with the class as a whole. However, good looks cover a multitude of sins; therefore you're excused Bob.

Holcomb Street School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b, Treasurer, Secretary 4b; Weaver Bank Association, President 4b.



J. HERBERT HOLDEN

"There is no royal road to geometry."

Here is the Beau Brummel of our class. Even though most of his attention has been focused on the weaker sex, he has also had time to win the approval of the boys. "Hub" is a real sport.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-3b; Football Squad 2a-2b; Interclass Football 3a-3b.



ELEANOR M. HORN

"The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worthwhile, That does the most and costs the least is just a pleasant smile."

Eleanor has passed through Weaver in a very quiet and unobtrusive way. She greeted all with a ready smile, and never failed to take a joke that came her way.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 1a-3b; Ingle-side Club 2a-3b; Typing Staff of "Lookout".



EDWARD D. HOROWITZ

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

"Red" was always good for a laugh with his clowning and his funny remarks. Beneath this exterior, however, was a student who worked hard both in and out of school. He certainly was a pleasant chap to have around.

Alfred E. Burr School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b, No demerits.

MARGARET R. JANSEN

"The silence that is in the starry sky."

Margaret was a sincere and conscientious student though her words are few. Did you see her driving by in the blue roadster? And a pretty spectacle it made too.

Northwest School. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Never tardy.





DORIS JOSEPH

"Life without laughing is a dreary blank."

Doris was one of our merry girls. Always the center of a group, her laughter could be heard above the others. And although she generally remained within her own clique, we feel that she was an asset to our class.

Northwest, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Business Club; Ingleside Club 2a-3b. Never tardy.



SAMUEL KAPLAN

"Neat, not gaudy."

"Sam" never made much noise for the simple reason that it wasn't necessary. He stood out among his classmates because of his neat and immaculate appearance and his quiet demeanor.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Chronicle Business Board 2a-2b. No demerits.



LILIAN J. KAPROVE

"Deeds are better things than words."

Lillian did not make much of a stir in school. Hers is a quiet and industrious personality which does not require a brass band to get things done.

Northwest School, A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Business Club 4a-4b. Never tardy; no demerits.



CHARLES E. KARGMAN

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Charley" was known by his classmates as an all-around sport and pleasant companion. Weaver lost a good athlete because he didn't have time for school sports; but "Charley" never let that, or anything else, spoil his cheery nature and friendliness.

North East School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a 1b, 2a, 3b; Football Team 1a-3b.



ROSLYN M. KATZ

"Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing."

Roslyn was a quiet member of our class. Her sincere and cordial nature gave her a pleasant personality and her friendship was worth cultivating. In expressing her opinions, she was tactfully frank and even stood up for them in spite of all opposition.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 3a-4b; Glee Club 3b-4b; Girls' Business Club 4a-4b, Secretary 4b.

ESTHER M. KAUFMAN

"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

We don't know much about Esther; she is the kind that is the silent worker of good deeds. And she has one of the greatest virtues — minding her own business. We are sure that "to know her is to like her".

H. P. H. S. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 2a-4b.





DOROTHY E. KEARNS

"Everything succeeds with people who are of a sweet and cheerful disposition."

Dorothy is a comparative newcomer to our class, but no newcomer has ever received such instantaneous popularity. What was Providence's loss is Hartford's gain. Dot certainly has a capacity for making friends.

Commercial High School, Providence, R. I. A. A. 4a-4b; Girls' League 4a-4b.

BERNICE E. KEEVERS

"Whatever is popular deserves attention."

Bernice, one of our livelier girls, always kept her neighbors amused by her repeated efforts as a gloom chaser. An object of considerable attention from young men on the first floor, she can be classed as one of our more popular students.

Holcomb Street School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b.



HYMAN KIRSHNITZ

"Let the sounds of music creep into our ears."

"Hy" is another of our musicians who was prominent in orchestral affairs. Although somewhat indifferent at times, he managed his studies, as well as his music, with capable attention.

North East School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-3a; Junior Usher; Senior Orchestra 4a-4b; Choir 2a-4b; Junior Orchestra 2b-3a; Soccer Squad.



BEATRICE KLEIMAN

"In my heart, I bore music."

Beatrice was one of our musically minded students. She is a pianist of no mean accomplishment and everybody wishes her success in her future studies. Her keenly sensitive nature, alive to all beauty, gained Beatrice many friends and much admiration.

Northwest School.

A. A.; Girls' Glee Club 2a; Vice President; Choir 4a-4b; C. H. I. S. A.; Vice President and Treasurer 4b; Pianist, Boys' Club 2a-3b; Pianist Senior Orchestra 4a, 4b; Dramatic Club 3b; Girls' League; Reception Committee. No demerits.

*Musician
concert piano*



JOSEPHINE KLEIMAN

"Come; sing now, sing, for I know you sing well."

Josephine was one of the more serious members of our class. We learned at the Senior-Freshman Party that she has quite a delightful voice. And, how about that coat, Josephine? Have you warmed up yet?

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Glee Club; Choir



RALPH H. KLEIN

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Everyone likes "Ming" because he is good-natured and impervious to insult. Although he was usually under the influence of spring-fever, he occasionally offered a comment or a witty remark.

Northwest School. Boys' Club 1a-4b; A. A. 1a-4b; Chronicle Circulation Board 2b; Assistant Baseball Manager 2b; Interclass Football 1a, 2a; Interclass Baseball 1b; Radio Club 1a, 1b.



SAMUEL J. KOSTIN

"Put your money in trust."

"Sam" was the big banker who had charge of school-savings in Room 227. He certainly was a willing and tireless worker in everything he undertook. He seemed to enjoy working with numbers in finance and especially in math.

North East School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Senior Choir 2a-4b. No demerits, never tardy.



FRANCES L. KOVNER

"Art needs no spur beyond itself."

Frances was the girls' tennis star of Weaver. We admired her not only for her ability to play a good game, but also for her fine spirit and keen interest in school activities.

Northwest School, Girls' League 1a-4b; A. A. 1a-4b; Choir 1a-4b; Glee Club 2a, 4b; Girls' Leaders' Corp. 3b-4b.



SHIRLEY R. KRIVITZ

"Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness."

Sis! Boom! Bah! Rah! Rah! Shirley, waving her arms and shouting at the top of her voice, is leading another cheer for Weaver. And can she make noise! Shirley's a good sport, just chock full of athletic ability.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; "Lookout" Board 3a; Girls' Leaders' Corp. 3a-4b.



SOLOMON LANTZ

"One thing is forever good;
That one thing is success."

Although Solomon has been with us but one year, it didn't take a fraction of that time to show us what a clever fellow he is. He certainly could scan his Latin with amazing rapidity and accuracy, and we understand he did equally well in math. Keep it up Solomon!

Wilna, Poland.



ETHEL M. LAW

"Books are the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom."

Ethel was a quiet young lady with an unassuming manner. In her own naive way she went about her tasks and tried to help her classmates. Her most outstanding quality was her taste for good literature.

Northwest School. A. A.; Girls' League; Choir; C. H. L. S. 3a.

MILTON LEVINE

"I trust in nature for the stable laws of beauty and utility."

Milton was a rather quiet student, and usually kept his thoughts to himself. We understand he likes the solitude of nature as well as the study of its animal inhabitants. There's a real source of diversion.

Chestnut Street School. A. A.; Boys' Club.





FREIDA R. LEVINTHAL

"I love tranquil solitude
And such society as is quiet, wise and good."

In an unassuming way, Frieda has been busy doing her bit for the class. She was an active member of several school clubs throughout her four years at Weaver and gained the admiration of her classmates.

North East School. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Business Club 4a-4b; Ingleside Club 2b; "Lookout" Board 3b-4b; Head Typist 4b. Never tardy, no demerits.

RUTH LIPPMAN

"The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology nor defence."

Here's one of Weaver's finest students! Ruth is absolutely reliable and you can count on her having her work done and done well. She made a habit of getting the highest marks in biology and she didn't leave geometry far behind. Good luck to you, Ruth!

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; French Club 3a-3b. Never tardy; Honor Society.



JOHN E. LYNCH, JR.

"And wit that loved to play not wound."

Behold! The wit of our class. John always flavored, in that undertone of his, the remarks made by other people. But 'twas all in good fun and never failed to brighten a gloomy minute or two. John also writes well, and in English class made an ardent debater.

Northwest School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Glee Club, Librarian; Choir; Orchestra; Football; Track; Class Book Editorial Board.



MAX E. MANDELL

"He is a very unassuming man."

"Nash" was one of the best basketball players in our class. He was always a real threat to the hopes of the opposing teams. His good nature and unaffected charm have never been spoiled by triumphs on the chalked court.

Northwest. A. A. 1a-4b; Basketball team 3a-4b.



TERZA M. MASCOLO

"The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it."

"Tess" was one of the short, but attractive girls of our class. She was very quiet, and rather preferred to remain by herself than with many companions.

Holcomb St. School. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 2a-4b; Ingleside Club.

*Murphy
Mascolo*

REUBEN MATTELSON

"So be buckled right in with the trace of a grin on his face."

Reuben was a last-minute acquisition of ours from Hartford High. He was a regular fellow, full of practical jokes, and always grinning for dear life.

H. P. H. S.





CREGAR McCOMBE

"He conquers who endures."

This twin of the famous McCombe brothers can always find a place in any gathering. Cregar is just one of those who go over big with real boys. That was quite a game you played at tackle for us, "Creg".

Holcomb Street School.
A. A. 1a-3b; Boys' Club 1a-3b; Football Team 3a-4b.

GEORGE McCOMBE

"Oh, youth! forever dear, forever kind."

We must all concede that George is one of our best athletes. He captained base-ball, and played a "bang-up" game at end. Even basket-ball was included in his athletic career at Weaver. You made a fine Boys' Club president, George.

Holcomb St. School A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b, Vice President and President; Varsity Football 3a-4b; Varsity Baseball 2a-4b; Basketball Squad 2a-4b.



MAUREEN H. McINTYRE

"By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd."

Maureen was a good support for the games. One was sure to find her among the few on the stand cheering her best for Weaver—or was it the boys? We are also glad to know that you are not jealous, Maureen!

North East School. A. A. 1a-4a; Girls' League 1a-4a; Art Crafts Club 2a-2b; Chronicle Business Board 2a-b Exchange Editor 2a, Editorial Board 3a.



BERTHA MELNIK

"Music is the poetry of the air!"

Bertha was a conscientious student, and an excellent pianist. She was an outstanding member of the orchestra, and her playing added to the enjoyment of many Weaver events.

Northwest School, Girls' League 1a-2b, 3b-4b; Senior Choir Pianist 4a-4b; Girls' Glee Club 2a-4b, President, 4a-4b, Pianist 3b-4b; Junior Orchestra 2a-2b, Senior Orchestra 3a-3b; Pianist of Junior Glee Club 1b-2a No demerits; Honor Society.



PHILIP MENCHEL

"Bear in mind your labor is for the future."

Phil was a good business student. He seemed to know that he was in school for a purpose and he applied himself accordingly.

Forest Park Jr. High School, Springfield, Mass. A. A. 2a-4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4b; Boys' Commercial Club 3a-4b; Honor Society 3a-4b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 2b.

SIDNEY MISCHEL

"Play a little, work a little."

Oh that grin, that irresistible grin! Can you imagine translating Virgil with a smile? That's Syd. And you have him down pat if you can combine a good sport, a lot of fun, a little work, and, by all means, don't forget the grin.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; "Lookout" Editorial Board 1b-2a; Class Book Business Board.





ARLINE E. MORAN

"On the stage she was natural, simple, unaffected:
 'Twas only that when she was off, she was acting."

Our blue-eyed blonde, Arline, sophisticated as she appeared, was a wizard at designing clothes. She displayed her clever dramatic ability in the play, "Rosalind" as well as in the halls after school.

Chaffee School, Windsor, Girls' League; Ingleside Club; Dramatic Club; "Lookout" Business Board. No demerits.



EVELYN NAIDORF

"Freedom all solace to man gives.
 He lives at ease that freely lives."

Evelyn did not take a very active part in school events. We understand that she preferred the out-of-doors to study desks.

Arsenal School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Glee Club 2a-3b.



DOROTHY V. NEFF

"From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

"Dot", our gracious classmate, with her lovely auburn hair, was quite charming. She contributed much to the success of the Arts-Craft Club. Although "Dot" was not with us the whole four years, she may well be considered a true Weaverite.

Newport High School, Pennsylvania. A. A. 2a; Art-Crafts Club 2a, Secretary 2a, Treasurer 2b; Girls' League 2a; Dramatic Club 3a.



HELEN L. NOLAN

"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

Helen always had a cheerful smile for everyone. She was judged the best looking in our class, and that is quite a compliment. Helen's disposition won for her many friends. We hope that nothing will interfere to change that spirit.

Windsor High School. A. A.; Girls' League; Art-Crafts Club.



FRANK T. PALMER

"Crafty men condemn studies."

"Buff" just seemed to drift through school. He was quite a happy chap and would have excelled in athletics if he had had the time.

Arsenal School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Football Team 2a; Basketball 2a; Senior Choir.

SAMUEL PARSONS

"A thing seriously pursued affords true enjoyment."

"Sam" made an excellent scholastic record during his four years at Weaver. Besides this achievement he proved himself one of the best natured fellows in the class and was always ready to appreciate a funny story or a humorous occurrence.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 2a, 4b; Choir 2a; French Club 4b.





LILLIAN D. PEISS

"Thought alone is eternal."

Quiet, serious, good-natured, and fond of books — that describes "Lil". She was inclined to be somewhat philosophical in her outlook on life — a fact partly due to the wide range of books which she has read. Her frank and sympathetic nature made her a desirable companion on every occasion.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4a; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Business Club 4a-4b; French Club 3a-4a; Ingleside Club 2a.

GLADYS F. PERKINS

"Ladies whose bright eyes rain influence."

"Glad's" gay manner and delightful ways have gained her the reputation of one of our most charming girls. Because of her membership in the Producing Group of the Dramatic Club, many a last minute panic has been prevented.

Northwest School, A. A.; Girls' League; Arts Craft Club, Vice President 4a, President 4b; Dramatic Club; Choir; Ingleside 3a.



JOHN D. PREU

"Seraphs share with thee knowledge;
But Art, O Man, is thine alone!"

How Jack could recite his French lessons! He was a very active member of the Arts-Craft Club, and was also a very commendable class artist. John, a very quiet boy, well deserved the title of the most courteous in our class.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; French Club 4a-4b; Art-Crafts 4a-4b Secretary, No demerits; Honor Society.



GOLDIE H. RABINOVITZ

"Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet."

Goldie did not take much part in school activities, but she had many friends, just the same. We never knew exactly what thoughts were running through her mind because she seldom expressed them, but we have learned to respect her conservatism.

H. P. H. S. Girls' League 1a-4b; French Club 3a-4b; Art-Crafts Club 3a-3b. Never tardy, no demerits.



MARIAN RHEINER

"Romance is always young."

Marian is quite an ambitious person, most of her interest being centered about the art room. Although rather quiet, she did her share in the activities of the school.

H. P. H. S. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside Club 4b; French Club 4b; Choir 4a-b.

MILTON ROISMAN

"Tis good to be merry and wise."

"Milt" made a good addition to our class when he transferred from Bulkeley in his sophomore year. His earnest and steady work have placed him near the head of his class in all his studies. His ability and industriousness have won for him the office of Class Treasurer, in which function he served very well.

Bulkeley High School. A. A. 2a-4b; Honor Society 3b-4b; Secretary Honor Society 4b; Junior Usher; Treasurer of Class.



1931B

WEAVER

1931B



EDWARD B. ROSENFIELD

"Wit is, in general, the finest thing in the world."

"Ed" was President of the Weaver Chapter of the National Honor Society. He also was an active member of the French Club, and an excellent French student; and, by the way, speaking of French, Ed's special translations in French class were certainly unique, humorous, and enjoyed by all.

Arsenal School, A. A.; Boys' Club; French Club 4a-4b, Executive Board 4b; Honor Society 3b, 4a, 4b, President 4b; Junior Usher; Editorial Board of Class Book.

*President
French Club
While Student
Never late*

LIBBY IRMA ROSENFIELD

"Good nature is stronger than tomahawks."

Libby was the sort of girl who always saw the humorous side of things. Even when it was time for marks to appear, Libby was always surprised because she received better ones than she expected.

North East School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside 1a-4b. Never tardy.



SADIE ROSENTHAL

"A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

Sadie was not what you would call the "superiority complex" type. But when "a classmate needed" a friend, Sadie was always there with her sunny disposition and cheerful smile.

North East School, A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside Club 4a-4b, President 4a. Never tardy.



SADIE ROTBERG

"To a young heart, everything is fun."

Sadie was about the tiniest member in our class, but she has shown us that it is quality not quantity that counts. Although she has been with us only a short time, we have been able to catch a glimpse of her personality, and can only be sorry that we did not have an opportunity to know her longer.

Crosby High School. Girls' League 3a-4b; A. A. 4a-4b; Ingleside Club 4b. No demerits.



JEANETTE RUBENSTEIN

"A smile recures the wounding of a frown."

No matter where one saw Jeanette, she was always smiling. She was a good sport and an extremely fine swimmer. She has taken part in many of the affairs sponsored by the girls of Weaver. Her most commendable work was that of chairman of the girls' swimming meet.

New Britain High School. Girls' League, Senior Ex. Member, 3a-4b; A. A. 3a-4b; Ingleside Club, Vice President, 3a-4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 4a-4b. No demerits, never tardy.

FRANCIS C. SAYERS

"I trample on impossibilities."

We wonder if you thought you were holding something back on us "Red". Well, we all know that you possess an enviable tenor voice. When are you joining the "Met"? Francis has been popular among the girls as well as with the boys. Who wouldn't with his disposition?

St. Peter's School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-3a.



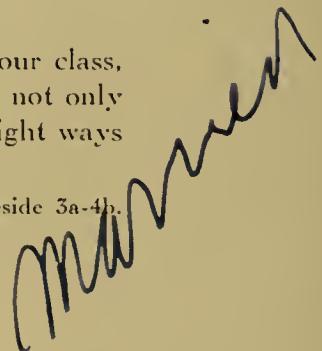


MARGARET SCHWARTZ

"Faith in friendship is the noblest part."

Margaret was by no means the quietest girl of our class, even though she was very small. She was interested not only in art, but also in home economics. Her cheerful, bright ways won her many friends at Weaver.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside 3a-4b.
No demerits; never tardy.



HELEN F. SCHWOLSKY

"Softly speak, sweetly smile."

We must always think of Helen as being the possessor of a most pleasant smile. She is a real girl who can find time for studies along with sports. How about your tennis game, Helen?

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; C. H. L. S. 4a-4b, French Club 3a-4b.



ROBERT SCRIBNER

"As a man thinketh in his heart so he is."

"Bob" came here from Hyde Park, Vermont three years ago. Through his quiet, dignified manner he has won the respect and affection of many friends. His delicate sense of humor, resulting largely in facetiousness is another reason for his being well-liked.

Tomville Central Academy, A. A.; Boys' Club. Never tardy.

1931B

WEAVER

1931B

MILTON BERNARD SHAPIRO

"Feet that run on willing errands."

"Milt" was a rather happy-go-lucky fellow who had athletic ambitions. We wonder how many times he ran around the building in making up gym periods.

North East School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Baseball 2b-3b; Basketball 2a.



LILLIAN G. SHEKETOFF

"Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow."

The class unhesitatingly threw upon Lillian's shoulders the task of writing our essay. This in itself shows our appreciation of her literary ability. "Lil" surely has been active in school, particularly in her portrayals for the dramatic club.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; C. H. L. S. 3a; "Lookout" Editorial Board 3a; Dramatic Club 3a-4b, Secretary 4a; Executive Member 4b; Honor Society 3b-4b; Ring Committee 4a; Class Essayist.

EVELYN G. SHIMELMAN

"Dress is essentially a woman's business."

"Ev," due to her individuality and good taste in clothes, was acknowledged the best dressed girl in the class. Besides this achievement, she made an excellent scholastic record and proved valuable to the Class Book as assistant editor.

Northwest School. "Lookout" Editorial Board 3a; C. H. L. S. 3-4b, Executive Board 3b, Secretary 4a, President 4a; French Club 3b-4b, President 4b; Honor Society 3b-4b, Vice President 4b; Class Book Assistant Editor; A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Valedictorian.



*Marilyn
William*



SAUL SHVETZ

"We are the music makers."

Saul used to have quite a time lugging his 'cello to school for those too frequent orchestra meetings. But he certainly never let anything disturb his complacency and good spirits.

North East School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Glee Club 2a-4a; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Junior Orchestra 3a; Senior Orchestra 3a; Inter-High 3b-4b.

ROSE SIGAL

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end!"

Rose was one of our most conscientious commercial students. There was always a grand rush around her desk to finish their shorthand before twenty minutes of. Her work on the Class Book typing board was highly commendable.

H. P. H. S. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 3a-4b; Ingleside 3b; Girls Business Club 4a-4b, Executive Committee 4b; Typing Staff of Class Book. No demerits.



GOLDIE SINICK

"Reserve is the truest expression of respect towards those who are its objects."

Because of Goldie's reserved and quiet nature, and because she had to leave school promptly at two, we have not been able to learn much about her character, but from the little that we do know, we are sure that she is a sincere friend.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 2a-4b.



SAMUEL SINNREICH

"Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease."

However difficult a task might have been, Samuel could solve it. Due to his conscientiousness and desire to succeed he has won the respect and admiration of his classmates. Throughout his high school course he has done some very fine work.

Northwest School, A. A. 2a-3b; Boys' Club 2a-4b; French Club 3a-4b; Honor Society 4a-4b; Junior Usher; "Lookout" Editorial Staff 4a; Editorial Staff of Class Book.



LAURA M. SKLARINSKY

"Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul."

By her charm, Laura has won for herself the affection of the class. Her cheery "good mornings" dispelled any gloom. As president of the Business Club she kept the meeting alive with interest.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 1a-4b; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b, President. No demerits.

RUTHEA SLEEPER

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

We seldom saw very much of Ruth because she was always busy either with school affairs or other activities. However, one always found her helpful and willing to do her part.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Choir 1a-4b; Glee Club 2a-4b, Secretary 4b. No demerits, never tardy.





LEON SONDIK

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Leon, though he did not accomplish any outstanding feats at Weaver, was an all-around good fellow. His ready wit and pleasing manner have made him well liked by all.

North East School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Basketball Squad; Interclass Basketball; Interclass Soccer. Never tardy. Reception Committee.

EVA SONDICK

"Happiness seems made to be shared."

Eva was one of our most carefree students. No matter whether she was hard at work or playing a game, one always found her the same. She always had a joyous smile.

Bulkeley High School. A. A. 2a-4b; Girls' League 2a-4b; Girls' Business Club 4a-4b; Ingleside Club 3a. No demerits, never tardy.



PHYLLIS A. SQUIRES

"Integrity gains strength by use."

Phyllis, our star dressmaker, has sewed herself into the position of the prizetaking seamstress. And you must recall her designs and drawings. Whenever there was a masterpiece in the making, her desk was the center of attraction.

Holcomb Street School. A. A. 4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside Club 4a-4b.



ISABEL E. STEIN

"A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity."

Although Isabel was not in our class throughout the four years, she was admired by her classmates for her sincere and cheerful nature. She was always very loyal to Weaver and took part in several activities.

H. P. H. S. Never late.



DONALD T. STEWART

"Sincerity, truth, faithfulness, come into the very essence of friendship."

Besides being an industrious and capable student, Donald was also a cheerful one. He has done much for Weaver. He was not only prominent in the school orchestra, but also did praiseworthy work when he was Editor of the Lookout and of the Class Book.

Northwest School. Glee Club 2a-3b; Commercial Club 3b; "Lookout" Reporter, Make-up Editor and Editor-in-Chief; Class Book Editor; Inter-High Orchestra 3b; Senior Orchestra 2b-3b; Junior Orchestra 1a, 1b; A. A. 1a-3b; Choir 1a-4b; Boys' Club Band 2b. No demerits, never tardy, never absent; Honor Society; Boys' Club, 1a-3b.

WILLIAM R. STEWART

"Not a man of iron, but of live oak."

In this slim, but wirey boy
There's a base-ball coach's joy;
For he could zip in curves
That caused all batters swerves.
He played at his game and won his meed
When he always gave his team the lead.
It won't be long before you're in the "Big Leagues," Willie.

Lakeville Grammar School. A. A.; Baseball 3a-4b; Football 3a-3b;
Boys' Club.





BESSIE E. SUNDELSON

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Bessie could always find something to do in her spare moments. She spent a great deal of time on her studies. But her ability to make fashionable clothes was her outstanding characteristic.

North East School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside Club 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b, Executive Committee of Girls' Business Club 4a. No demerits.

FLORENCE E. TEMPLE

"Wit is the flower of the imagination."

"Betty" was the peppiest member of our class. Her witty remarks and questions prevented many a boring period. And school wasn't all that interested her; outside activities were not lacking to such a personality.

Southern Jr. High School, Reading, Pa.; A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; "Lookout" Editorial Board 4a; Class Book Editorial Board.



CAROLINE M. F. TOWNSEND

"Never anything can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it."

Caroline has gained the respect of her classmates by her simple, unassuming manners and her constant willingness to help others. We feel that if she continues with her quiet earnestness and cheerful smile, she is certain to succeed.

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 4a-4b. Never tardy.



ROSALIE TULIN

"Expression alone can invest beauty
with conquering charm."

It is too bad that in our "Who's Who" we didn't have a vote for the cheeriest. We are sure that Rosalie would have won it. There is no doubt as to what her future will be; she will undoubtedly be an excellent librarian.

Arsenal School. A. A. 1a-1b, 3a-4b; Girls' League 1a-3b.



MELBA F. TWISS

"My days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle."

Conscientious, hard-working and sympathetic — these are the adjectives that describe Melba. Besides being faithful to her work, she has been a popular friend. She has the priceless and rare quality of being a sympathetic listener from whom we can always expect comfort.

Northwest School. A. A. 1a-3b; Girls' League 1a-4b; C. H. L. S. 4a-4b; Executive Board (Senior Member); Class Book Editorial Board; Honor Society 3b-4b; Ingleside Club 1a-4a. No demerits.

Marietta Groat

JOHN VAN OUDENHOVE

"Let this senior's world of people go their way,
I won't sacrifice my life for harmless play!"

John never was much devoted to dry studies. He played his part, and was content to let others play theirs.

North East School. Color and Motto Committee.





RUTH VOGEL

"Play up, play up, and play the game."

Ruth tended strictly to business while in school. She was very fond of art, and was usually busy before school adding a few touches to her drawings. Ruth was also one of our athletes and a member of the Girl's Leaders' Corps.

Northwest School. A. A.; Girls' League; Glee Club; Choir. Never tardy.

HERMAN J. WAGNER

"Men of few words are the best men."

Herman hasn't taken part in many school activities although his activities outside of school were rather varied. We will remember him always in connection with "Joe" DeBona with whom he has established a firm friendship.

Northwest School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Tie Committee.



BENJAMIN WEINER

"I am not in the roll of common men."

"Ben" had a decided penchant for personally testing every statement in the Chemistry text. Some day when he sees some dynamite, he'll touch it off, just to test its quality. However, he didn't spend all his time experimenting, but was a valuable member of both the school and the inter-high orchestras.

North East School. A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; Boys' Club Band 2a-3b; Boys' Glee Club, Treasurer and President 2a-4b; French Club Vice President and Treasurer 4b; Senior Orchestra 1b-4b; Inter-High Orchestra 2a-4b; "Lookout" Business Board 3b; Assistant Advertising Manager of Class Book; Choir. Never tardy.



NATHAN M. WINICK

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

There are some afraid of books,
And at them cast disparaging looks!
— Nathan, that actor of quite some merit,
Could surround himself with books, and bear it.

"Nat," it was no small job to be the salutatorian of so active a class of intelligencia!

North East School. Boys' Club 1a-1b; Boys' Glee Club 2a; "Lookout" Circulation Board 3a; Honor Society 4a-4b; Junior Usher; Senior Choir 2a-4b; Dramatic Club 3b-4b, Plays "The Valiant," "The Queen's Husband," "In the Zone"; French Club 4a-4b, Executive Board 4b; Salutatorian.



CLIFTON YOUNG

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

Get that end out of the way!
Don't you know it's an end play?
— Well, never mind, "Clif" has gone thru
Guess, Mr. Guard, he didn't need you.

"Pop" was the bulwark of offence on our last Weaver steam-roller. All boys have envied his very masculine physique.

Northwest School. Boys' Club 1a-4b; A. A. 1a-4b; Football Team; Baseball Team; Track Team.

ELMER B. YUDOWITCH

"Still waters run deep."

A quiet appearance is often deceiving; such was the case with Elmer. He had a good sense of humor and was always ready to appreciate a funny story although many people thought him very serious.

Northwest School. A. A.; Boys' Club; Choir.





WILLIAM S. ZEMAN

Woven
"There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face."

Besides being chosen as the best dressed boy of our class, Bill was a popular member of the Weaver Dramatic Club. His serious outlook on life certainly fitted him for his part in the "Birthday of the Infanta".

Northwest School, A. A. 1a-4b; Boys' Club 1a-4b; French Club 4a, 4b; Dramatic Club 4b; Editorial Board of Class Book.

LILLIAN A. ZETOFF

"Exhausting thought and hiving wisdom with
each studious year."

In a quiet, unobtrusive way we find in Lillian a teacher's delight, a model student. How she could shine when it came to examinations. However, she's far from being one who grinds.

North East School, A. A. 1a-4b; Girls' League 1a-4b; Ingleside Club 2a; Girls' Business Club 3a-4b; "Lookout" Editorial Board 3b; C. H. L. S. 3a-4a; Arts-Craft Club 4b; Typing Board of Class Book. No demerits; Honor Society.





CLASS NIGHT PROGRAM

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

William J. Corvo

CLASS SONG

(Song by Philip Greenbaum)
(Accompanist Bertha Melnick)

The Class

ORATION

Frank A. Burke

VIOLIN SOLO

(Accompanist Beatrice Kleiman)

Louis Carabillo

ESSAY

Lillian G. Sheketoff

VOCAL SOLO

(Accompanist Bertha Melnik)

Josephine Kleiman

HISTORY

Dorothy M. Farrell
John J. Connell

TROMBONE SOLO

(Accompanist Beatrice Kleiman)

Benjamin Weiner

PROPHECY

Virginia Earl
Walter Downes

SCHOOL SONG

(By Rosalind Feldman, 1924B)

The Class



CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS

Parents, Teachers, Friends:

We are gathered here tonight socially and informally for perhaps the last time in a body to celebrate a most auspicious event, an occasion long awaited by our parents, our friends, and especially our teachers, whose task must have been tinged at times with a hopelessness that was discouraging. Tonight we are about to cast off that restraint which so characterized the Class of '31 B during their stay at Weaver.

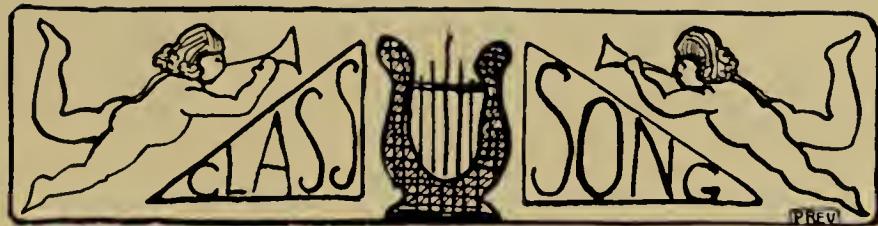
May I call your attention to the scintillating array of talent grouped before you on this platform? Two soothsayers to peer into the mystic future where we shall see ourselves as others see us. Two infallibles who will review accurately and pleasantly the past history of this most illustrious class — a class whose unusual ability and superior intelligence were manifested in the cradle and have never been equalled in the annals of this institution. Two speakers, our distinguished essayist and our incomparable orator, whose wealth of wit and wisdom, long awaited, is to be presented to you this evening. Two gifted composers whose melodious themes, bewailing our departure from our Alma Mater, are to be rendered by the entire class. And last, but not least, two musical entertainers to regale us with their unusual talents. Where else could one find a similar galaxy of "stars"?

Although their business is to make us laugh, they and I wish to remind you, dear classmates, that nothing said or done this evening carries with it the intention to wound or offend. I am confident that tonight's program will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered.

As for our parents, the Class of 1931 B wishes to dedicate this program to them. Without their courage, without their understanding, without their sacrifices we might never have achieved this end.

To all our friends we extend a wholehearted invitation to join in our festivities. We wish also to extend our heart-felt gratitude to our teachers for the help and cooperation shown us during the four years spent under their able tutelage.

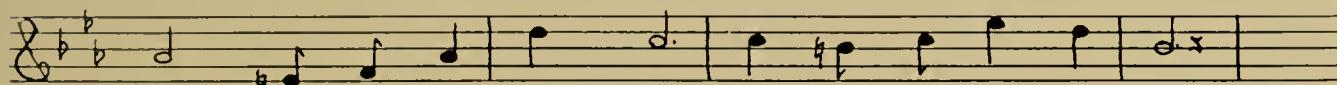
WILLIAM J. CORVO.



words and music by Philip Greenbaum



Wel - come to this June night, Lis - ten to what we say,
Wel - come to our class night, And hear our his - to - ry,



This will be our fare - well, And end our hap - py days.
Things we say and tell you, May be a mys - ter - y.

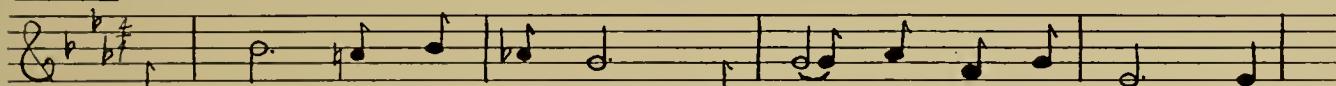


We spent with - in your halls, Times full of joy and play,
Be - lieve our proph-ecy and will, And pic - ture what you see,



We leave your por - tals of fame, Which car - ry on your name.
If those e- vents should come true, Im - agine what we'd do.

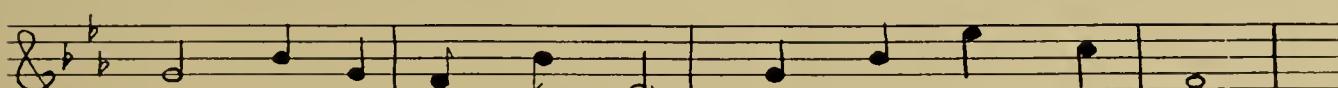
CHORUS



To - night we sing to you, And soon we bid a - dieu, to



loy - al teach - ers true, And tasks they helped us through.



Prais - es for Wea - ver High, School of stand - ards high,



And our dreams will be mem-o-ries, The Class of Nine-teen Thirty One B.



PROTECTIVE TARIFF

HEARING the title of this, many of you may be sorely tempted to get up and rush out. I imagine that after seeing the long-drawn-out articles on the subject which appear in the newspapers and after hearing political speeches filled with technical terms designed to create an impression, you must consider the topic rather dry. It is not my intention, however, to give a history of the tariff or expound endless arguments either in favor or in denunciation of it. An excellent history is given in the encyclopedia if any of you care to look further into the matter. You probably don't, but if you do, you will find it an interesting topic.

It is surprising to know that at least three people out of five haven't the ghost of an idea of what a protective tariff is. (One person told me it had something to do with the employment of children under sixteen!) The principal aim is this: by collecting high duties on incoming goods, the government discourages the importing of foreign-made manufactures which, due to cheap labor in other countries, may be less costly than our own goods. The tariff can be raised high enough to allow home traders to underbid the outside people, who must add the duty to their original selling price; hence, manufacture of these articles carrying high duties is encouraged at home.

But now we come to questions which are not considered a great deal by the average person, who is not especially interested in economics. Two concerning this issue go hand in hand. They are "Should we have a protective tariff?" and "Must we have it?" The answer to the first is "No," that to the second, "Yes."

You see, I am a futurist. We are now in an experimental stage of the evolution of world brotherhood, but I like to look ahead — if need be, hundreds of years ahead — and see a great coalition of peoples, races, nations: all the separated parts of the world working together. The world is now chopped up into little unorganized pieces. Every piece should be a co-laborer with every other. Each sector should do its part for the benefit of the whole. Thus, one section particularly adapted to the making of a certain product would manufacture that product alone; each separate unit would exchange with other units and all could live comfortably, cheaply and amicably. Then nations would need no protective tariffs.

This idea is not wholly untried, as students of history and economics probably know. In very early times, each man provided for his own family. Then followed, in very gradual succession, clans, tribes, villages, small nations, and groups of nations. One of the notable federations of which history tells us was the Roman Empire. This combination, however, was based entirely on coercion. Force was the keystone: the countries were conquered by force, and after they were subdued, force was the only thing which kept them together as vassal parts of the empire. The Romans had conceived the idea of colonies working for a



central power. The trouble was that they did not have the peoples' interests at heart, but were looking for the gold which all these subordinate countries would contribute to their coffers. What happened to the Roman empire? You know. It eventually fell.

Great Britain furnishes an example of a great modern empire — one held together not by coercion but by regard for the mutual benefit of colonies and mother country. She has done much to further the cause of free trade by abolishing most of her tariffs. Since most of her trade, however, is carried on with other parts of the British Empire, England has not so much need of high tariffs as other nations, who must do business not with colonials, but with foreigners.

Foreigners! That notion that aliens' interests must necessarily conflict — an age-old one — is what must be conquered before tariffs can be abolished. Human beings are not so receptive to new ideas as many advocates of radicalism would lead us to believe. It will be hundreds of years before nations can overcome political jealousies, envy of one for the better resources of another, the barriers of language, race, religion, custom, and distance from one another. That is why to the second question, "Must we have a protective tariff?", I return the answer, "Yes." Decades must pass before new notions or conceptions become established permanently in our minds. So it is with this socialistic idea of each working for the good of all. It is new and extraordinary, and must wait if it would be accepted by those who are to be affected by it. It must wait for human nature to develop a sense of appreciation of it. It must wait for its time to come, just as ocean travel, railroads, aviation, and radio had to wait.

But meanwhile, countries might be working toward this goal, instead of away from it. The "tariff walls" being raised at present between France, Spain, Germany, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia, England, the United States and other neighboring countries cannot be entirely obliterated as yet, but they could be lowered to what they were formerly. Or again, treaties protecting home interests against invasion by foreign business men could be arranged between nations. This would be a substitute for the cut throat method now in use of placing tariffs on goods in retaliation for those placed by other countries on imports. That method results in a vicious circle with world trade always the sufferer. The United States, with its ranking position in world affairs, could be influential if it would sponsor some movement to lower tariff rates. It would have to be a slow, gradual movement, of course, and *all* nations would have to be included, but it could be accomplished. Then some such plan of world commerce as has been mentioned could be worked out.

I hope I have kept my promise not to give arguments for or against but merely to state my views on protective tariffs. We do not want them, but, for the present, we are forced by human nature to have them.

FRANK A. BURKE, JR.

1931B

WEAVER

1931B



CARTOONS



A MUCH-NEEDED
VOLUME

A BOOK-CARRIER
FOR THE
STUDIOS

FRESHMAN Nightmares



FRESHMAN FAUX PAS,
[FALSE STEP]



"Gosh! My Shoe-lace is untied!"





WE PARROTS

PHOW do you behave when you go for a walk? Do you bear yourself with dignity, head high, and arms swinging in measured motion? Do you always walk with calm sedateness? I read somewhere of a man of middle age, with a long red beard who went for a walking tour. One morning the air was so brisk and refreshing he couldn't resist the temptation of running and singing at the top of his voice. A farmer happened to see him and was so frightfully alarmed that he had him arrested as a lunatic. I wonder if anyone of us would suddenly burst into song or begin to run — at least, within city limits. No, we couldn't bear the derision of our neighbors.

To paraphrase Shakespeare, "the mania for conventionality is what makes parrots of us all." For instance, when it is a question of music we must be most cautious. This is indeed the greatest task, for if one shows the slightest emotion when a beautiful selection by an old master is being played, he is instantly dubbed "show-off". Can you imagine what your neighbor would say if he caught you listening to a symphonic orchestra over the radio when by turning the dial ever so little you could get some inharmonious discord with a rhythmical beat that he called jazz. (There is good jazz, of course, but the kind most often heard over the radio is harsh enough, one would think, to injure the radio itself.) Your neighbor would look at you askance, and you, of course, not wishing to have him get the wrong impression, would jump up and say, "I was so comfortable I didn't feel like getting up and turning to a different station." Strong character!

The funniest thing of all in our parrot-like behaviour is the way we dress. Paris tells us that colored finger nails are the vogue. Forthwith everyone proceeds to daub her finger nails with highly tinctured polish. These hideously painted nails are enough to make one's sense of color convulse with horror. Long gloves for evening wear too are an abomination of comfort, but Paris decrees this and there is no questioning such an authority. Let not the man's ego rise for he is not exempt. Would any man — even if the thermometer reached 80 degrees — dare to don his straw hat and walk through the streets before May 15? A hundred times no! Oh, it is too great a risk to dare to be individual.

At present, there seems to be intellectual conventions as well — or rather, non-intellectual ones. Mr. A, who is unfortunately very intelligent, cannot read detective and love story magazines. They give him mental indigestion. Mr. B, on the other hand, spends his evenings with those highly cultural books provided by the crime club. Shall Mr. A enjoy his taste at the risk of being stamped as a poor old fossil? No, if he wishes to achieve popularity in the neighborhood, he must come down to the level of Mr. B and stay there. What a fine ideal!

Chesterton says, "we make our friends; we make our enemies; but God



makes our next door neighbor." But if our next door neighbor happens to be painfully stupid and inert, does that mean that we must associate with him? If his train of thought runs only as far as the tabloid newspapers, must we narrow our own views because he will never know or comprehend what we are trying to discuss? We need not discard all high ambitions because they will do us no good. It is true that our neighbors are thrust upon us, but we can of our own volition associate with individuals whose interests and activities are not hemmed in by the wall of complacency and idle contentment.

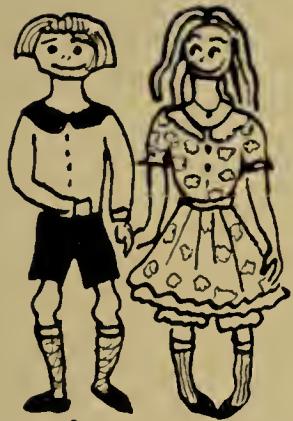
It is said that if we do not follow the crowd, we shall surely be ostracized. Of course, no one wants to be an outcast, but he will find that living his life as he wishes is worth while — even though it may cost him several valueless friends. Suppose that he doesn't want to accept some foolish fad. He thinks it's senseless, but his friends will lose patience with him and mock him because he is different. Well, let them! Who are they to direct his mind? He has ideas of his own and because they are averse to those of others it does not detract from his character. Worth while friends are those who can appreciate one's ideas and opinions even though they perhaps may not entirely agree.

I do not mean to imply that one should be thoroughly disagreeable and aloof. There is some common ground on which one can meet with his neighbor. There is even no harm in doing as your neighbor if you really want to do what he is doing. But it is too parrot-like to do it merely because he is doing it. Congeniality and friendliness are surely not to be scorned. But there is a great difference between being congenial and imitating the next person blindly.

Why should we not walk, read and dress as we please? Why should we be afraid of what our neighbor will say? After all, isn't it better to be called a queer fish than to be a parrot?

LILLIAN G. SHEKETOFF.

Do You Remember—



The first day of school?



Graduation from grammar school?



Those Swinging doors?



The first demerit?



The first "Lookout" dance?



The first report card



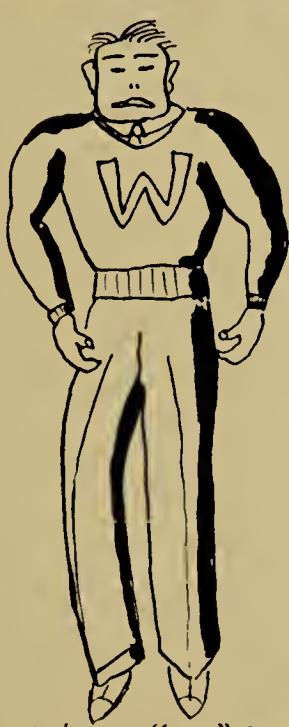
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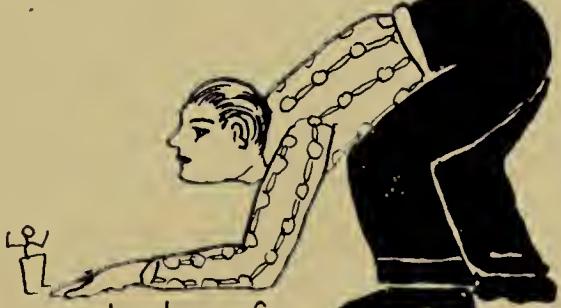
Struggling for those A's?



The new "high school" dance gown?



That new "W"?



Looking for the freshmen?



Assembly Expressions?

John Preu



HISTORY OF 1931B

Opening Scene — Deck of a steamship liner

Time — About 1943

Dot — Friends and relatives of the class of 1931 B, we are about to attempt to portray, for your benefit, some of the scenes which took place during our four eventful years at Weaver. Will you kindly sit at ease and try to imagine that you are aboard a steamship with us?

Peanuts — In case of seasickness please notify Superintendant Fox and he will furnish you with a boat-rail.

OPENING SCENE

Dot — (Reclining in a deck chair) — I do wish that steward would hurry with my peanuts.

Steward — (Alias Peanuts) — (In a great hurry) — Madam, I am indeed sorry for being tardy with —

Dot — (Gazing at the steward) — Well, Peanuts in person, and you haven't changed a bit in twelve years.

Peanuts — It is indeed I, my dear lady, but I fail to — Well bless my pink pajamas if it isn't Dot Farrell!

Dot — You're still the same Peanuts that belonged to that renowned Class of 1931 B at Weaver, but I do believe you have grown a bit. How did you ever happen to pick the job of a steward for a career? I thought you received a scholarship to Mildew Prep when you graduated?

Peanuts — Sh-sh-sh — you see it's this way, Dot, I've fallen in love. . . .

Dot — What, again?

Peanuts — As I was saying I've fallen in love with the sweetest little girl in the world but . . . the Captain. . . .

Dot — Don't tell me you've fallen for the Captain's sweet *little* 200 lb. daughter?

Peanuts — Yes, yes. Isn't she gorgeous? But the Captain will have no one but a seafaring man for a son-in-law; so to win his daughter — well here I am.

Dot — Love is such a wonderful thing!

Peanuts — Say, Dot, what are you doing here?

Dot — Oh, I'm travelling for my husband's health.

Peanuts — Your *husband's* health? Is he on board too?



Dot — Oh no. You see he has a very nervous temperament and the Doctor prescribed an ocean trip to restore him to complete health again. Oswald immediately booked passage on this boat for a trip to the Continent, but the poor boy was suddenly called to New York on a very urgent business matter. We couldn't possibly cancel the booking at that late hour; so here *I* am!

Peanuts — This is a great chance to talk over old times and I suppose I ought to thank *Oswald* for the opportunity. Say, *Dot*! I'll never forget one incident of our Freshman days as long as I live.

Dot — What was that, *Peanuts*?

Peanuts — Rose Ferrigno was standing in front of the elevator doors in the lunchroom when Elmer Yudowitch strolled up to her and inquired what she was waiting for. Rose gave him one of her famous haughty looks and coldly replied, "The elevator." Elmer immediately burst out laughing and very importantly retorted, "Why you poor numbskull, the elevator is reserved for Seniors only."

Dot — Oh we were the usual run of Freshmen, green from the neck up! Say, *Peanuts*, that reminds me of another episode. Do you remember the time a fun-loving (sarcastically) Senior sent Helen Burwell and Betty Temple up to Mr. Holden with their empty milk bottles?

Peanuts — You bet I do! And do you remember the day another Senior made Jeanette Rubinstein and Virginia Earl pay for the mustard they used on their hot dogs? When he got through collecting for the free mustard and straws at the expense of the bewildered Freshmen he bought himself a new suit.

Dot — Bob Dunn, hero worshipping our famous athletes made an ideal water-boy for the football team; he was so cute!

Peanuts — Yes, he certainly looked cute after he got through running for those husky brutes, but I suppose he enjoyed himself!

Dot — The Senior-Freshman party was an event for the girls though. The Senior girls were awfully nice to us and they even forgot to laugh when Roslyn Katz and Natalie Baron asked for second helpings of ice-cream and cookies.

Peanuts — Oh well, most of us finally slid into our Sophomore year, much to the regret of those playful Seniors!

Dot — Some of us were in our first Glee Club and Choir Concerts sophomore year and most of us attended our first Lookout Dance too! Those school dances certainly are to be remembered.

Peanuts — Some of our famous athletes started their careers at that time. Let's see! There was Geo. McCombe — star catcher for the baseball team; Nate Brenner and Pop Young — our two husky members of the football squad; Harry Angus and Nash Mandel of basketball fame. . . .

Dot — We were certainly well represented in that line, but wasn't it in the same year that the "Bums' Honor Society" was formed by a group of the boys of our class?



Peanuts—Oh no! It wasn't until the second marking period of our Junior year that that started.

Dot—Say, Peanuts, I never did know what that was all about! Just what was its origin and who were the select members?

Peanuts—Well Dot, that's a pretty big order, but I'll tell you a few essentials anyhow. It was formed for the delinquent members of our class who collected the most F's during the marking period.

Dot—Well, well, — you must have had a pretty full quota!

Peanuts—Now don't get sarcastic; none of those girls were over brilliant!

Dot—Say I thought you were going to tell me who some of the members of that organization were.

Peanuts—I was, but I was rudely interrupted! Let's see, Red Sayers, Johnnie Van Oudenhoove, Buck Eddy, Herm Wagner, Joe Debona, Herb Holden, and Bob Scribner. They were all charter members.

Dot—Yes and to bestow honor where honor belonged you were unanimously elected President.

Peanuts—(Hurriedly) — Uh — we won't go into that!

Dot—(Giggling).

Peanuts—What's tickling you, fair one?

Dot—I was just thinking of the time Ralph Klein tried to get up a Girl's League Football team to play the boy's team.

Peanuts—And he tried to get "Primo" Avery, Shirley Krivitz, Terza Mascola, and May McIntyre to form a nucleus for his line.

Dot—That game certainly would have brought a record crowd even for Weaver.

Peanuts—I'll say so, but the school authorities would have put the "kibosh" on that.

Dot—We had many things of interest happen that Junior year. Do you remember that wonderful portrait of Mr. Holden which was presented to the school by the Boy's Commercial and the Girl's Business Clubs?

Peanuts—And say, Dot, remember how proud we all were when our Dramatic Club won the City Tournament prize?

Dot—Yes. Nathan Winick was the only member of our class to take part in the prize-winning play, "In the Zone," but he did his small part as well as he did his big ones later.

Peanuts—I'll never forget those first Senior days. We thought we were "big shots" for the first few days, but you know, Dot, report cards at the end of the first marking period have a certain power of pulling one's spirits down to zero.

Dot—How well I know it! But there were a few lucky ones who didn't have to worry. Why, now that I think of it, quite a few of our fellow students



were elected into the "Honor Society" even in their Junior year. Let's see: there was Evelyn Shimelman our Valedictorian, Ethel Feingold, Melba Twiss, Lillian Sheketoff . . .

Peanuts — And Milton Roisman, Edward Rosenfield, Philip Menchel . . .

Dot — And a lot more in the Senior year.

Dot — Oh we had our share of brilliant students.

Peanuts — Yes, and we had our share of famous athletes in our Senior year. "Tarzan" Young took honors as a growling full-back at football, Pinney Greenbaum was our cool-headed basketball captain, and Willy Stewart represented our class as a blushing pitcher on the baseball team. . . .

Dot — And "Jake" Baller and you shared first honors as two shin-breakers on the Soccer Team.

Peanuts (sighing) — Those were the days. A few bad knocks and bruises didn't phase us in those games.

Dot — While on the subject of knocks and bruises, Peanuts, did you ever hear of the time Miss Wakefield had one of her famous back-breaking gym lessons, and as a reward to the losing team gave the privilege of doing the elephant walk across the gym?

Peanuts — That sounds bad, but you know I was never a man to watch the girls, so you'll have to explain a little.

Dot — Oh I don't know about that! Well it wasn't so bad, it was just a simple walk across the gym on all fours. My, some of those girls did look funny! Betty Barrett fell on her face half-way across. Those lessons certainly did linger for days after.

Peanuts — Well Fred Stone didn't give any sewing-parties for lessons either. Say, Dot, we had men of business ability in our class too. Remember the two bankers, Frank Burke, he of the hand waving stunts, and Eli Cohen, the miracle man who "dove" into his seat at 8:30 every morning?

Dot — Oh sure and Natie Cohen of "Eppie" fame, was a whole corporation in himself when he attempted to sell the class ties to the committee.

Peanuts — Poor Ed Rosenfield had the hardest job of all. . . . Do you remember his trying to collect the class dues? The minute he stepped into our session room each morning the word would go around the class that "bad news was here".

Dot — And then everyone would invent excuses for leaving the room before he got the chance to ask them for their dues!

Peanuts — Who could forget that Democracy Class in our Upper Senior year? With Walt Downes. . . .

Dot — He of the big feet and ready bluff. . . .

Peanuts — And "Milt" Shapiro and Leon Friedman, who were always trying to educate the teacher.



Dot — And Rosalie Tulin who took it because she wanted four more credits.

Peanuts — And Libby Rosenfield, who always knew her lessons to perfection.

Dot — Say Peanuts, talking about perfection, we certainly had some great material in the line of dramatic ability.

Peanuts — Why some of the greatest actors and actresses of today were in that class. There is Bill Corvo who starred in "The Valiant," and Lillian Sheketoff who was the heroine of the same play. . . .

Dot — And don't forget Arline Moran who took the leading part in the play, "Rosalind," and Duty Greene, who was outstanding in his performance as the pathetic "Fantastic" in "The Birthday of the Infanta".

Peanuts — Well we certainly had a wide variety of talent in that class.

Dot — I think that's what made it so interesting. . . .

Peanuts — Gee, Dot, that reminds me of a funny story I heard the other day. It went like this, a traveling salesman. . . .

(Bell is heard off stage, ringing frantically.)

Peanuts — Holy socks! I forgot to turn off the heat in that reducing apparatus!

Dot — What do you mean, Peanuts?

Peanuts — Why the passenger in cabin No. 8 wants to take off twenty pounds during the voyage; so every day she uses the bath cabinet for an hour. . . . It must be up to 120 degrees by now.

Dot — Poor woman! Who is she?

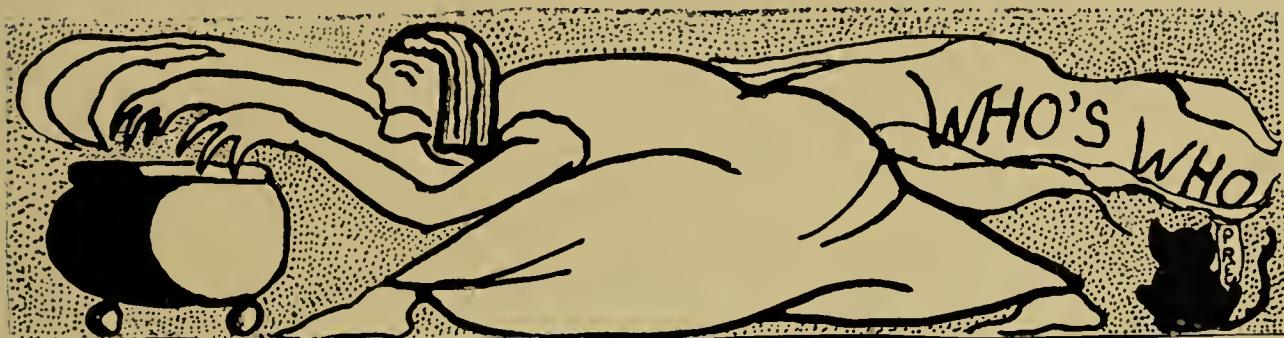
Peanuts — None other than Dot Kearns of our old Alma Mater!

(CURTAIN)

DOROTHY FARRELL.

JOHN CONNELL.





GIRLS

Dorothy M. Farrell
 Alice G. Conway
 Beatrice Kleiman
 Evelyn G. Shimelman
 Lillian G. Sheketoff
 Virginia Earl
 Jeanette Rubenstein
 Lillian Zetoff
 Florence E. Temple
 Roslyn M. Katz
 Helen L. Nolan
 Lois C. Avery
 Evelyn G. Shimelman
 Dorothy E. Kearns
 Melba F. Twiss
 Caroline M. F. Townsend
 Edna Axelson
 Arline E. Moran
 Florence E. Temple
 Evelyn Naidorf
 Ethel S. Feingold
 Florence E. Temple
 Rosalie Tulin
 Evelyn G. Shimelman
 Shirley R. Krivitz
 Evelyn G. Shimelman
 Dorothy M. Farrell

Most Popular
Most Capable
Most Dignified
Cleverest
Most Charming
Best Sport
Most Courteous
Most Serious
Wittiest
Neatest
Best Looking
Most Athletic
Best Dressed
Peppiest
Most Angelic
Quietest
Most Bashful
Most Flirtatious
Most Conceited
Biggest Excuse Maker
Most Talkative
Biggest Bluffer
Most Credulous
Most Studious
Worst Drag with Faculty
Best Drag with Faculty
Done Most for Weaver

BOYS

William J. Corvo
 Donald T. Stewart
 William S. Zeman
 Nathan M. Winick
 Duty W. Greene
 Milton Roisman
 John D. Preu
 Donald T. Stewart
 John E. Lynch
 William S. Zeman
 Walter Downes
 Philip Greenbaum
 William S. Zeman
 Edward D. Horowitz
 Duty W. Greene
 Elmer B. Yudowitch
 Robert Scribner
 John J. Connell
 William S. Zeman
 Emanuel Eddy
 Harry Barrabee
 S. Nathan Brenner
 Samuel Sinnreich
 Nathan M. Winick
 S. Nathan Brenner
 Nathan M. Winick
 Donald T. Stewart



PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1931

(A parody on the Witches Scene in Macbeth. Presented with apologies to William Shakespeare, Esq., on June 11, 1951.)

Virginia Anne Earl — *Prophetess*
Walter Downes — *Prophet*

Scene — A Cavern

(Enter Virginia)

Thrice Ben Weiner's trombone calls,
Thrice and once the fiddle squalls,
Carabillo cries; 'tis time, 'tis time.
Round about the cauldron go;
In our gifted classmates throw.
Donald Stewart's magic pen,
Poem written, ten times ten.
Mixed with Josephine's soprano,
Bertha Melnik at the piano.
David Ginsburg's gift of gab.
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something foolish this way comes!
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

(Enter Walter)

W. — How now, you secret, black, and midnight hag! What is't you do?
V. — A deed without a name. . . .
W. — I conjure you, by Frank Burke's flashing eye,
Howe'er you come to know it, show to me,
The prophecy for our class of '31
Though you make all our modest classmates blush,
And run the risk of mortal enmities,
By Shirley Krivitz's gentle voice, answer me
To what I ask you.



V. — There in yonder, charmed cup —
 All our classmates jumbled up —
 Soon I'll fish out one by one —
 Things that each one will have done.

W. — Call 'em, let me see 'em.

V. — (Drawing a slip.)

Arline's locks so bright so fair —
 Beatrice Kleiman's stately air —
 Led them to the Muse's feet —
 Fame and fortune there to meet.

(Draws another one.)

Alice Conway's skill with books,
 Alice Conway's shy, coy, looks —
 Helped on by her tresses red,
 Made her a secretary, 'tis said.

W. — (Looking puzzled) I can make naught of all this highbrow stuff.
 Canst not thou speak plain English, mystic hag?

'Twould be more seemly 'mongst our friends and classmates.

(Appeals to audience.)

I ask you, can you get the drift of this (Answer, "No".)

'Twere better thus; Let's speak American. Come on now, spill it.

V. — In plain American, I said: Arline Moran and Beatrice Kleiman are now actresses.

W. — Arline certainly got enough practice when she recited in class. And now, whom was that second one about, Alice Conway?

V. — Alice is private secretary to Duty Greene.

W. — She must have some job answering the fan mail he is getting. His latest is "Cyrano de Bergerac".

V. — (Draws again) Betty Barrett is a fair, young librarian along with Rose Tulin and Betty Temple.

W. — That's right. Betty Temple has just written her reactions to the book Bill Zeman wrote, "How To Spend Extra Time After School". It was written for high school pupils.

V. — (Drawing again) John Preu has just finished painting the portrait of Senator Joseph Debona. And here's another — Merrill Finesilver is helping the Honorable H. W. in his campaign for Governor of Connecticut by snappy cartoons.

W. — They will uphold the glory of the Class of '31 B. But what of Sammy Sinnreich?

V. — He edits an evening journal in Peoria, Illinois.

W. — 'Tis well, 'tis well; but come! tell more of our classmates.



V. — But wait, the magic potion needs must be revived. Too long have I neglected it.

(Lights dim and drums roll. *V.*, pours in something and stirs cauldron busily.)

W. — That bottle looks familiar.

V. — Yes, Bill Stewart sent me some of the anti-blush liquid he has discovered.

(Pours some more and lights go on.)

W. — More, more, by Buck Eddy's shirtsleeves, more!

V. — (Looking puzzled) 'Tis strange, this one I can't make out. A strange jumble this. Here, you read it.

W. — H'm, strange doings.

V. — Quick, time flies.

W. — "Nate" Brenner (pause) is teacher (pause) of ballet dancing at Harvard.

V. — But then he always was light on his feet. (Fishes out another slip.) Herb Holden passed the blindfold test and endorsed Prince Albert tobacco.

W. — Oh yes, he always was fond of P. A. But tell me — what news of our athletes?

V. — Ah, a sad accident. It grieves me sadly. You read it. (Turns away hiding face in hands.)

W. — George McCombe and Reuben Mattelson are in Harry Barabee's convalescent home, where they will be able to recover in a nice *quiet* atmosphere. They are suffering from several fractures received while playing a strenuous game of chess a short while ago.

V. — Look, here cometh more. (She draws out five slips, one after another.)

W. — What's this — two, three, four, five. Aha! classmates galore.

V. — Rosenfield and Roisman are partners in a brokerage house. They give special investment rates to their former classmates, and it is said they are giving away dimes to young grammar school children so that when they become seniors in high school, they'll have their class dues all saved up in advance.

W. — (Snatching a slip from *V.*) This looks interesting. Sadie Rotberg and May McIntyre are teaching school in Texas.

V. — The fifth! Who is it? Oh, Frank Sayers is playing Shylock with the Ben Greet players.

(Lights go out. Both yell.)

Peanuts Connell, give us that pipe you smoke so that we can bring the magic potion back to life.

(A heavy lead pipe is thrown out on the stage. Lights go on as *V.* is dropping the pipe into the cauldron.)

W. — Now what of Frank Palmer?



V. — He has just returned from a hunting expedition on which he brought down five elks.

W. — Bid him send the elk to Bob Hart's shoe factory. They would make a fine pair of bedroom slippers for me.

V. — (Pulling out another slip) Catherine Cwikla is publishing Dot Farrell's latest history book entitled, "The History of Everything from Beginning to End". It includes the expedition of Elaine Greenwald and Helen Schwolsky into the jungle.

W. — That was where they saved their lives by using a watch as a compass.

V. — (Drawing again) Who's this? Ah, John Lynch.

W. — What's he done?

V. — He's travelling around the world.

W. — Would I were with him. He's a great traveling companion.

V. — Well, here's Bob Scribner. He broadcasts news bulletins over the radio. He talks at the rate of 2500 words a minute.

V. — (Draws another slip) Helen Nolan is playing the lead in a new picture to be released by Matilda Gesualdi Motion Pictures Inc. Leon Sondik is directing the picture. Sound effects (much sarcasm in voice) by John Van Oudenhoeve.

W. — Quick, what of Cliff Young?

V. — Hark! Cliff is broadcasting setting-up exercises over station WHS.

W. — Oh, yes, That's the station Charlie Kargman operates. He named it after Weaver.

V. — (Drawing again) Bernard Harger is . . .

W. — I'll bet he's a geologist.

V. — Guess again. He's down in Mexico starting another revolution.

V. — (Drawing again) This is too much for me. Here, you read it.

W. — Jeanette Rubenstein has won the Women's Tennis Championship from Frances Kovner.

V. — 'Tis said she uses a piece of chewing gum she received after the fifth period in her senior year in high school as a mascot when she plays.

(Noise offstage produced by the combination of a violin and trombone.)

V. — What's that ungodly noise?

W. — Methinks the magic potion loses strength. It has lost its charm.

V. — I'll give it some of the charm Bill Corvo holds for the fair sex.

(Pours something into the cauldron and the noise stops.)

V. — Oh, how wonderful!

W. — What?

V. — Read it.

W. — Rosalyn Katz has discovered a painless way to remove fur from caterpillars. The fur business is revolutionized.



V. — (Draws again) Sam Eisenberg burst a blood vessel laughing at a joke book written by Margaret Jansen.

W. — They've both certainly changed since they left high school.

V. — (Draws another slip) Ida Adoff is teaching school. She refuses to allow pupils to recite unless they first raise their hands.

W. — Former teachers would be glad to hear that.

V. — (Drawing another slip) Lil Sheketoff is in charge of a settlement house for underprivileged children. This institution is located in New York City, and is run on the same principles as Hull House.

W. — Yes, a great many of the children who have come into contact with Lil there have won scholarships of all sorts. They seem to excell in foreign languages. Solomon Lantz is the instructor in foreign languages there.

V. — Margaret Schwartz, Evelyn Naidorf and Ethel Brand are running a hair dressing shop. They demonstrate the latest coiffures in all styles and colorings.

W. — Their slogan must be "Beauty draws us with a single hair".

V. — (Drawing again) Ethel Law refuses to tell Laura Sklarinsky why she won't go to West Hartford with her.

W. — For further information consult some of the members of the Girls' League.

Lights dim.)

V. — The magic potion's prophecies are over.

W. — But what of the others?

V. — Seek to know no more.

W. — I will be satisfied: deny me this, and an eternal curse fall on you!

V. — I know of no charm great enough . . .

W. — But wait!

Hot dogs from Weaver's lunch room, would they not
Revive the pot as they have our hungry classmates?
Behold! I still retain a few.

(*W.* pulls a long string of hot dogs out and hands them to *V.*, who drops them into the pot. A succession of small, sharp noises is heard.)

W. and *V.* (In unison) What noise is this?

(Terrific explosion)

(CURTAIN)



THE EDITORIAL BOARD BROADCASTING

BOYS

David S. Ginsburg
 John J. Connell
 Joseph DeBona
 William J. Corvo
 John E. Lynch
 Duty W. Greene
 Sidney Mischel
 Edward B. Rosenfield
 Samuel Sinnreich
 Robert Scribner
 David S. Ginsburg
 Marshall E. Greenspon
 Edward D. Horowitz
 Robert T. Dunn
 Harry Barrabee
 William S. Zeman
 Milton Roisman
 Duty W. Greene
 Robert Scribner
 Sidney Mischel
 Nathan M. Winick
 Eli M. Cohen

*Busiest
 Cutest
 Most Mysterious
 Greatest Politician
 Most Sarcastic
 Daintiest
 Most Nonchalant
 Most Sophisticated
 Frankest
 Kindest
 Most Confidential
 Most Demure
 Gayest
 Noisiest
 Most Eloquent
 Most Pessimistic
 Most Optimistic
 Most Individual
 Most Unassuming
 Most Congenial
 Most Imaginative
 Most Debonair*

GIRLS

Melba Twiss
 Sadie Rotberg
 Bessie E. Sundelson
 Arline Moran
 Evelyn Shimelman
 Alice G. Conway
 Lois C. Avery
 Evelyn G. Shimelman
 Florence E. Temple
 Ethel S. Feingold
 Jeanette Rubenstein
 Elaine J. Greenwald
 Libby I. Rosenfield
 Shirley R. Krivitz
 Ethel S. Feingold
 Ethel M. Law
 Lillian D. Peiss
 Beatrice Kleiman
 Caroline E. Townsend
 Rosalie Tulin
 Dorothy V. Neff
 Gladys F. Perkins



WE SENIORS

HONOR SOCIETY

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Mary E. Barrett | Philip Menchel |
| Frank A. Burke | Samuel Parsons |
| Alice G. Conway | John D. Preu |
| Catherine M. Cwikla | Milton Roisman |
| Virginia Earl | Edward B. Rosenfield |
| Ethel S. Feingold | Lillian G. Sheketoff |
| Merrill J. Finesilver | Evelyn G. Shimelman |
| Elaine J. Greenwald | Samuel Sinnreich |
| Beatrice Kleiman | Donald T. Stewart |
| Ruth Lippman | Melba F. Twiss |
| Bertha Melnik | Nathan M. Winick |
| Lillian A. Zetoff | |

SPORTS

Letter Men

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Harry H. Angus | <i>Football, Basketball</i> |
| Nathan S. Brenner | <i>Football</i> |
| Philip Greenbaum | <i>Football, Baseball, Basketball</i> |
| Max E. Mandel | <i>Basketball</i> |
| George McCombe | <i>Football, Baseball</i> |
| William R. Stewart | <i>Baseball</i> |
| Clifton H. Young | <i>Football</i> |
| Cregar McCombe | <i>Football</i> |

Girls' Leaders' Corps

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Lois Avery | Rose Ferrigno |
| Mary Barrett | Frances Kovner |
| Helen Burwell | Shirley Krivitz |
| Virginia Earl | Jeanette Rubenstein |
| Dorothy Farrell | Caroline Townsend |
| Ruth Vogel | |



GRADUATION PROGRAM

| | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| INVOCATION | Prof. A. J. W. Meyers |
| MUSIC BARFICAL | The Orchestra <i>Lacome</i> |
| SALUTATORY | Nathan M. Winick |
| IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN | Ethel M. Law |
| FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN OLD AND YOUNG | Ethel S. Feingold |
| IS MAN A GIANT OR A PYGMY? | Edward B. Rosenfield |
| MUSIC OLD REFRAIN | The Orchestra <i>Kreisler</i> |
| WHAT OF LIFE IN 1950? | Beatrice Kleiman |
| THEY GO ON FOREVER | Melba T. Twiss |
| MACHU PICCHU | John D. Preu |
| VALEDICTORY | Evelyn Shimelman |
| MUSIC HUNGARIAN DANCE | The Orchestra <i>Brahms</i> |
| IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY IN BUSINESS? <i>Alternate</i> Donald T. Stewart | |
| PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS AND PRIZES | Mrs. Herbert F. Fisher |



E.Y. - MG. - E.H.



?



R. Tulia



F. Burke



J. Preu



B. Keevers



"Mac"



"Cap. Pinney"



"Pop"



SALUTATORY ADDRESS

If you and I could look down upon the earth from some distant point in space, we should see a panorama before us such as has never been equalled heretofore. Men are flying, soaring on wings fashioned by master craftsmen, wings of metal, of fabric and wood. Man's wildest dream, his dream since time immemorial, has been realized. Aviation has arrived, bringing with it countless opportunities, opening doors hidden until now, revealing to man the innumerable secrets of the heavens. It has come to answer mankind's ceaseless call for speed. Mail is speeding through the heavens in all kinds of weather, carried by these birds with hearts of steel, and blood of gasoline. Passenger lines form a great invisible network above the earth, as these huge ships roar through the air day and night, carrying freight and passengers over continents, oceans, mountains, deserts, over every obstacle put in man's path by Nature.

In contrast to this peaceful use of wings, armies and navies are building planes, thousands of them, to prepare for the wars of the future; for, as everyone well knows, the next war will be in the air, the victory going to the combatant with the stoutest wings.

Aviation has gripped the world, the hold being tightened by the exploits of such men as Hawks, Lindbergh, and Byrd. Because of this, the world of the future will bear little resemblance to the one with which we are acquainted. It will be a whirling sphere of speed, speed under the control of science. The minds and bodies of future men will have to be geared differently from those of our day. They will have to think and act quickly and exactly. Flying will demand that! When one is in danger in a flying machine, he cannot stop to think out his salvation as he would a geometry problem. His mind and muscles must act at once, instinctively and accurately. Flying can be said to be very much like prussic acid — one drop and you're dead.

You may be wondering why a speaker on a graduation program has chosen a subject such as aviation, since very few may be interested in it as a career. The reason is that it is going to have a profound effect upon the futures of everyone of these graduates present tonight, futures in which you and we are vitally interested. Aviation demands, in special degree, qualities which every other new scientific line of endeavor demands; thus it is a symbol standing for speed, accuracy, originality, and trained ability. These are the qualities *we* must have. By "we" I mean the younger generation, *our* generation, the young people coming in to take their places in the world. We shall have to carry on the new ideals which have arisen.

Are we fit to undertake this work? Why not? Modern youth is used to this "high tension" type of living; it is used to speed; it is accustomed to the new and sudden changes which take place every day. It has learned coordination by constant everyday practice in driving various types of mechanisms, ranging



from motorboats to aircraft. Eyes and hands have learned to work together as one; therefore, because of its training, youth is capable of assuming positions in the new sciences of aviation, radio, and television, and in the older ones which are fast developing new possibilities, such as motion pictures with sound, telegraphy, telephony, and numerous others. Let us tonight consider how modern educational institutions, especially the secondary schools, are preparing their pupils to live up to all the new qualifications required of them.

Speed is a subject which doesn't have to be taught by a school, since it is an essential part of every modern person's nature. A school, however, can teach students to apply speed in special ways, such as in shorthand and typewriting, and, by correct teaching of the various subjects in the curricula, can train pupils to *think* quickly, yet clearly and logically. Originality is also something which isn't taught; the reason is not the same as that for our previous subject, but rather because it *can't* be taught. Still one thing can be done: to encourage hobbies and experimentation in various fields for those who have a flair for new ideas. Clubs are often more helpful in this way than the regular curriculum.

But accuracy is something that can be learned in studying any subject; it is something required of every pupil in whatever he does. Ostensible accuracy is a requisite in studying mathematics or manual training; mental accuracy and training are gained in the pursuit of the elusive and tantalizing words and verbs of various languages.

Although trained ability is the result of careful application in special schools outside of high school, the latter can do much to lay a firm foundation for this future training by the correct teaching of principles, especially those involved in the correct habits of thought.

Finally, there is a factor which I have not yet mentioned, but which is an important problem facing this generation, always geared to travel at top speed. That is the conservation of the ability to relax. This modern "high pressure" living can be carried too far; people seem to think that they can drain their physical and mental energy as if from endless reservoirs; it can't be done, as is shown by the alarming increase in mental and physical diseases now prevalent. It is the duty of educational institutions to teach men how to relax; it is not the job of sanitariums.

Education in this problem is given to a small extent in the science of physiology, the study of the operation of the human mechanism. It is offered to a greater extent in other studies which proffer opportunities for people to get away from themselves, studies such as art, music, and literature. These broaden a pupil's horizon, giving him means by which he can escape at will too great mental tension.

Very few of us young people have ever come in direct contact with this new world. Tonight we are taking our first step towards doing so. We are stepping from the narrow confines of school into a world of limitless possibilities. We are



looking forward to this adventure with a strange intermingling of uncertainty and hope; but tonight we wish to emphasize the latter more than the former. It is in that spirit that I, in behalf of my class, welcome you, our teachers, parents, and friends, to the graduation exercises of the class of 1931B.

NATHAN M. WINICK.



IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN

ONCE I lived in a small New England town where I became acquainted with the traits and life of its Yankee inhabitants, people who have been born and spent their whole lives in the same town in which their parents and grandparents had been born, had lived, and had died. Now, having mingled with a more metropolitan group, I can realize how truly unique and amusing they were.

A most typical Yankee was Mr. Sibley. His strongest traits were his love for animals and for agriculture, and his inherent New England thriftiness. His fondness for bargains was the neighborhood joke. He would purchase anything as long as he could get a special reduction on its price. Among his most notable purchases were five cases of Sapolio, each case holding one hundred and forty-four cakes. Even the most industrious housekeeper seldom uses more than a few cakes of sapolio a year, and in the eight years that I knew Mr. Sibley, he had used up only twenty-three cakes. He also bought fabulous amounts of canned goods, bed trays which never fitted ordinary beds (he purchased these at a hospital auction), and quantities of sponges. Yet one could not consider him miserly. On the contrary, he was one of the most charitable men in the whole town. This was merely his idea of economy.

The Bartletts were always most amusing to me. They were very simple, unpretentious people. No one ever visited them on Saturday nights because that was the time when Mrs. Bartlett gave her husband his haircut. Next to watching the guinea pigs and rabbits which were kept in the back yard, I enjoyed most seeing the "greasing ceremony". Every spring, Mr. Bartlett, in striped overalls with patches at the knees, would drag, with much exertion, the round, sheet-iron parlor stove with a nickel collar, from the parlor to the back yard. Here it was covered with a thick layer of lard and was then stored in the barn until the following autumn, when it was withdrawn, cleaned, and reinstalled in the parlor. Mrs. Bartlett was a crisp, energetic woman, whose greatest delight was to be the chairlady of all the church socials.

The town school was in direct contrast with model institutions of large cities. In place of the impersonal and distant relations between teacher and pupil which is necessary in city schools, there existed in that old-fashioned schoolhouse a glowing warmth of intimacy and friendliness. The teachers, who were



products of the town, were familiar with every household, and thought it not a bit incongruous when the pupils told them everything that went on at home, from baby sister's new tooth to daddy's new overcoat. In this little town where practically every woman made her own clothes and her children's and even her husbands shirts, it was not unusual to see teachers and mothers exchanging dress patterns and all sorts of household hints. The pupils enjoyed to the utmost the intimate atmosphere and informal good times, and every child's fondest aspiration was to speak a piece at a school "sociable".

I must not forget to mention Archie. Archie was considered very well-traveled, not only by himself, but by the other men in the neighborhood, for he had made an over-night visit in Boston, at least some forty odd miles away, and he had even gone to New York in his youth. Therefore, Archie was the authority on all worldly matters, for, had he not seen some of the largest cities in the whole United States? Archie owned the drug store, which was the fraternity house, the club, the meeting-place of the men. It was Archie who took the place of the doctor when some child of the neighborhood had a stomach ache or a cut finger. It was Archie who supplied the older generation with the all-healing "bitters". In the evening, the men would gather in the drug store and discuss weighty matters concerning politics, international relations, and the coming county fair. In a calm, easy-going manner the men decided these worldly affairs, frequently interrupting themselves for the ejection of tobacco juice. Norby was the most entertaining of the group. He had a vivid imagination and handled the truth rather carelessly, but what did that matter, since his stories were always vastly entertaining?

I often think that small-town people must laugh at sophisticated city dwellers for their superficialities, just as the city-dwellers ridicule them for their simple, crude manners. But despite their lack of polish, it is these country people who are the backbone, the foundation, and the strength of our country.

ETHEL LAW.



FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN OLD AND YOUNG

*F*if we turn back a bit, some of us fifteen years, others fifty, we will recall that many of our present day thoughts and sentiments are the result of our connection, during earlier days, with various older people — mothers, fathers, grandparents, teachers and friends — all of whom were interested in us and therefore gave us advice and instruction to which we still cling today.

For small children especially, the friendship which exists between their grandparents and themselves is of great value. Often we find that it is they who instil the first bit of religion into the child's mind, with their fascinating tales of the creation of the world, Noah's Ark and a good many more Biblical stories.



Perhaps it was grandma who taught Ruth how to make her doll's dresses, or grandpa who showed Bobby how he made ships when he was a boy. But, no matter how little or how much children may learn from their grandparents, they are always eager to visit them and to hear the old wonders told over and over again; and in their hearts they feel a great deal of love and admiration for each grey hair on their dear old heads.

Second, let us consider the friendship found between pupil and teacher. Some educators say that it is the teacher who builds the greatest part of the child's character. But no teacher could influence her pupil's character unless she made every effort to cultivate their friendship. Children respond very quickly. Thus we often see children in the primary grades, bringing flowers to their teachers and showing them their picture books or prized possessions including mounted butterflies, pictures of actors and soda bottle caps — anything that would gain the teacher's personal interest in them! It is with little naive things like these that the pupil hopes to make his teacher his friend. In high school nothing is more gratifying to a student than to be able to talk over with his instructors, his various interests in life or in school subjects or activities. It gives the pupil confidence in his work and in himself — the backbone needed to go through life. Moreover, to know that his teachers are his friends develops his interest in particular subjects and in learning in general.

Finally, let us turn our thoughts to friendship between parents and children — the bond which should be strongest and most beautiful of all. This friendship, however, is not developed until children are old enough to understand something of life, for up to fourteen years of age parents, to them, are people who say "You mustn't do this," "Jimmy, you should wash your ears more thoroughly," "Betty don't scream so loudly; you must learn to talk softly." All this shadows friendship. In the cases of filial affection and parental love, minus friendships — there are many — how can parents' and children's lives be complete? It is true that efforts to understand often entail sacrifice on the part of the parent; but, what is parenthood? Is it not another name for sacrifice?

On the parents' side there must be broadmindedness, tolerance, and commonsense, for youth will have its fling. This brings to my mind the incident of a foreign-born mother who spent her evenings at night school in order that she might learn the English language and so convey to her children, in their tongue, her thoughts and feelings. In this way, the mother made firm friends of her children, besides winning their utmost admiration and respect. Here we have an actual case of a parent going out of her way for the sole purpose of forging a link that would bind her children to her in the bond of friendship. In how many more homes might not this sort of thing bring about greater friendship between parents and children? For the most part, lack of this friendship is due to lack of mutual understanding, failure of the older generation to see the younger generation's point of view and, alas, failure of the younger generation to remember the great debt it owes to its forbears.



It is necessary to keep on the alert, then, our memories, our understanding, and our sympathy in order that we may continue to develop and strengthen this most essential bond for the happiness of the home and the nation — friendship between old and young.

ETHEL FEINGOLD.



IS MAN A GIANT OR A PYGMY?

*M*AN is a comparatively new development on this planet comparatively new in the history of the universe. He is relatively insignificant in the great scheme of things; he is a pygmy facing innumerable odds in his struggle for existence. The pygmy, however, seems to be gaining strength. The incredible march of progress during the past century alone must have made some higher being marvel; but, on the other hand, that Someone may only be seeing an advance of planetary civilization that has been duplicated many times before and that has always resulted in defeat. We do not know as yet.

Time and time again writers and philosophers have decried the foolish optimism of puny man. "What is he compared to the mighty forces of nature?" they ask. "Look at the ruins of great civilizations covered by sand and by the growth of the jungle, or at the tornadoes, earthquakes, and floods which take such a heavy toll of human life each year." Again, science makes one feel very insignificant indeed. Geologists tell us that the crust of the earth has been in the process of formation for billions of years. In how many human bodies has the spark of life been kindled and then extinguished during this period of time? Furthermore, astronomers have discovered so many astounding facts about the size and make-up of the universe that even this great planet pales in comparison. Chemists tell us that we are worth ninety-eight cents. Physically, we are as "the chaff that the wind driveth away". Spiritually we are still baffled by the powers of ignorance and superstition; we come from darkness and return to darkness.

But man has qualities which raise him above the status of a pygmy, qualities which defy the ravages of time and change. Men like Caesar, Napoleon, Lincoln, the great leaders of war and peace, live on to stir our hearts to thoughts of great deeds and great events. Men like Shakespeare, Aristotle, Milton have left behind in their works thoughts of wisdom and human interest that have never died. Thus history has shown us that mind conquers matter. The mere bodies of these giants of science and literature have long since rotted away, but their spirits still march on with us on our journey through life.

History has also been very busy recording the miraculous advance of science. Man is conquering one by one the mighty obstacles of nature. Speedy methods of transportation, labor-saving devices, and great engineering are examples of



man's power. The building of better roads, the designing of more powerful air-planes, and the construction of such roadways as the Holland Tunnel and the New York-New Jersey bridge have done much to facilitate travel. In factories, huge machines and dynamos have been installed to take the place of man-power and to manufacture cheaper and better products. The building of the Empire State skyscraper, the installation of trans-Atlantic telephone, and the harnessing of water-power are great feats to which the pygmies of the earth can point with pride.

Speaking of size, if man is a pygmy, surely the ant is one also; yet students of ant-life tell us that these minute insects have worked out an almost perfect social and economic system which puts man's attempts along these lines to shame. Should the ant then be placed a step higher than man on the ladder of success? No, because man has something that the ant has not. He has hopes for something better than this corporeal existence, in spite of his outward veneer of doubt and cynicism. There is something noble in the way millions of men and women struggle on and on in the hope that sometime somewhere they will find peace and contentment. Most of them do not stop to question and to despair in their race towards happiness; they just march on doing courageously and thoroughly what is expected of them.

Why is it, then, that, in spite of these evidences of man's superiority, so many wailing souls still belittle the estate of man and his work? It is because not everyone is great, not everyone has left behind something immortal. On the contrary, time has been merciless to most men; it makes posterity forget them, it crumbles their work, it destroys their bodies. Then again, the average individual does not count, especially in our generation. Perhaps it is the fault of our modern civilization, which crushes human beings to the insignificance of atoms which whirl around in space. But we are told that each atom, much too tiny to be seen by the most powerful microscope, is essential to the whole. So man whirls around in his quest for happiness. Some find their happiness in this world and perhaps the rest find it in another world. But, as far as we know, every man is essential to the whole in this life; every man can contribute some little thing that will help more and more to make man the giant of this earth both in material and in spiritual gifts.

EDWARD ROSENFIELD.



WHAT OF LIFE IN 1950?

WE, the modern generation, are the victims of a situation which is the first result of the machine age, and one which may reach its crisis by 1950. When you realize the effect the great speed attained by progress has had upon our lives, you begin to wonder whether machines, the medium of speed, are truly beneficial to the world. We have recently experienced



the harmful economic reactions which machines have produced, and many of us are facing unhappiness because of the moral and spiritual influence of machine-created speed. Certainly this swift pace is the source of much trouble, for it has acted like a drug upon our senses to deaden us to the dizziness of our own existences.

There are too many people who are discontented and fidgety unless they are heading somewhere with great velocity. They are the very ones who are constantly convincing themselves that they are living life "in a big way," but in truth, they have not begun to live. They do not see, hear, feel, think, or contemplate, because they have no time. And many times this condition is beyond control. The situation is quite analogous to the predicament of a striving young pianist who has played scale passages with extreme rapidity for a long time and on attempting to play slow passages, finds that his fingers slip and tumble over each other. Speed must be tempered with a great deal of slow movement. If a retard doesn't begin to happen to us in the near future, then by the year 1950 we shall all be tumbling over ourselves and each other in an unrestrained rush like the pianist's.

Life in 1950 will never be normal unless we now understand the unfortunate circumstances toward which we are heading, and apply some remedies. First of all, something ought to be done about our habit of crowding too much into one day without any thought of discretion. We do not even enjoy eating. We gulp food as speedily as possible so as to use our time more profitably. In fact, we combine several occupations simultaneously. For example, we sit down at the table with the newspaper, attempt to discuss psychology and the stock market, listen to a symphony orchestra, and eat dinner — all at once. Scientists tell us that by 1950 we shall be able to consume the equivalent of a whole meal by the digestion of one tablet.

1950 would find a more healthy and happy people if more of us enjoyed fine wholesome pleasures. Walking out in the open country, now that we have the automobile, has become passé because of the physical effort it involves. But for one who has tasted the pleasures which walking offers there is no greater joy. Here are perfect peace and harmony. There is true elevation of spirit in feeding one's eyes with the beauty of nature. The physical exaltation one feels in being out in the open is beautifully expressed in these lines from Stevenson's essay on "Walking Tours," "The purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh bring him to his destination still content."

Education is spreading rapidly far and wide, and through its agency, by 1950, perhaps spiritual experiences will possess a greater charm for us, will lift us to a higher plane. An education should help us to live a more noble and complete existence. It should help to open our eyes to beauty and lead us to a more sincere appreciation of fine things. Such pleasure would naturally give us more time and leisure. We should be able to catch our breath and feel the wonderful



sensation of being alive. It is then, in such a mood, that we coordinate what we perceive through instinct, what we have learned through education, and what we know through observation.

BEATRICE KLEIMAN.



THEY GO ON FOREVER

RIVER worship, heathenish as it may seem to me, is, or was, almost universal among all races. Even our own ancestors worshipped streams, and imagined that they were the abiding places of fairies, water spirits, and other supernatural beings who had tremendous powers over man. This flowing power which is ever beyond our control possesses irresistible, mysterious, and romantic qualities. Perhaps it is because man sees a similarity to his own life. Both begin when nature sees fit — and end, no one knows where. As I sketch a few rivers, each in its respective age, I am going to weave in the life of man — a living, flowing, river.

A young river flows through a narrow valley, edged on each side by high and steep banks covered with green verdure and flowering things. The river itself is a jewel of color, reflecting the faintly tinted flowers, the rich emerald of the trees, and the shadowy grasses along the shore. The little river is in a prodigious hurry for the sea. It runs so fast and merrily that one cannot help getting the spirit of life and vitality. And still it goes on its way singing among the poplars and making a green valley in the world. Very often, a weak one runs dry or goes off the course, and its life ceases. But the strong river travels on swifter, and yet swifter, engaged entirely in deepening its course. This is youth, narrow, inexperienced, engaged in deepening its course with education and learning, having few tributaries, for youth seldom acknowledges the help it receives from others.

Broadening out, and still deepening, the mature river continues its onward march. Its waters are heavily loaded with sediment, making its travel a little slower, as it winds gracefully toward the sea. So much is this like the mature man, who has now reached the place where he can broaden his outlook on life, while yet he is deepening his path with experience and hard trials. He is giving the best of his life to others, and also taking in new things that the past has left for him. We find now that many tributaries feed the river, for middle age is the time when we have and acknowledge the most help. Also, it is saturated with chemical and mechanical suspensions of sediment: that which it has gained from others that have gone on leaving this behind. Exulting in its beauty, we watch the river as it follows its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straight forward, or, if forced aside for once by opposing mountains, struggling bravely through them, and resuming its onward march — an emblem of a good man's course through life.



Broad, flat, and low country the old river flows through now, no longer deepening its valley, but ever widening. Slower, and yet slower, its waters plunge on sluggishly, following a course that might seem dull and insipid. But there is still beauty; life holds something besides sorrow for the aged. The character of all this valley scenery may be summed up in a few words; tilled fields running down to the water's edge; wild uncultivated fields and rank dank meadows, their flatness broken here and there by a clustering group of low shrubbery. The entire landscape has but two lines, the horizontal, made by the meadows and the perpendicular made by the trees, except that far off in the distance run the waving outlines of the distant hills. Those wide sunlit meadows, breathing the rich luxuriance of nature in undisturbed serenity, and the golden spaces of the air shimmering like some netted tissue between tree and tree; these things give us the feeling of peace and age. Is this not like the life of the old? All the knowledge, all the experience, that a man has gained through his life have broadened and deepened him. Others have captured most of his tributaries, but the few that are left have grown older, larger, and more powerful. After all these years of gaining and storing away these particles of knowledge, he now finds it convenient to leave them behind for others. So does the old river; its streams heavily laden with unwanted sediment now deposit it along the way on banks and in its channels. This is the travel of the aged.

The river now flows into a wide, unbroken expanse of water — the ocean. How mysteriously the river water enters that vast unknown gulf. How mysterious, also, the hereafter of man. An endless, heaving blue, stretching as far as the eye can reach — this is the beauty of the ocean. Is not eternity just as unknown, just as vast, and can't we say that it, too, may be as beautiful?

MELBA F. TWISS.



MACHU PICCHU

*M*ACHU PICCHU, the lost city." Wouldn't that arouse anyone's interest and fill him with a desire to know more? Three years ago, when I saw these words as the title of a magazine article by Richard Halliburton, my curiosity was at once awakened. From this article and from three books by Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut I found out much about this wonderful city.

Machu Picchu, which was discovered by Senator Bingham on his archaeological survey in Peru, is a city built high upon the peak of a mountain with cliffs dropping sheer for one thousand feet on all four sides. It is no wonder that it had not been discovered before, for even now that its position is known, when one looks up from the valley below he has difficulty in seeing any sign of the city. It is for this reason that the secret of the Incas was kept so long.

In the dim, far away days of the past, long before Columbus was born, a few Indian chiefs, called Incas, led their people down from a fortified citadel in



the Andes to the fertile plains and valleys below. Although they were not very fierce or warlike, this tribe soon conquered the inhabitants and daily grew in power. Before very many years had passed they ruled all of what we now know as Peru.

In the passing of the years the memory of that mountain city from which the first Incas had come seems to have grown dimmer and dimmer, until at last its location was known only to the high priests. In all Inca records, the only mention of it to be found is a remark that the first Incas, after victory had been gained, erected in it a temple with three large windows as thanks to their gods for their success in battle.

The glory of the Incas increased with the years. They began to erect beautiful cities and large temples, using stones of an enormous size. The high priests and nobles lived in far greater luxury than many monarchs of Europe. Great religious processions were held at which the participants were clothed in cloaks made of beautiful tropical bird feathers. Around their necks were chains of solid gold, while their ankles were covered with golden bracelets. Great rubies, emeralds, and sapphires gleamed in their hair, and they were carried in litters made of solid gold inset with other precious stones. They had a highly organized government, managing to keep all parts of the empire in touch with each other by a system of roads comparable to those of Rome.

Upon this civilization the Spaniards burst when they began their conquest of Peru. When they captured the capital of the Inca Empire and entered the city, they found that over half of the Sun Virgins, who were the most beautiful virgins of the whole Inca empire and who devoted their lives to the Sun God, along with a few of the high priests, had escaped to the mountains. When the Spaniards sought to find out their hiding place by torturing the remaining ones, the only answer that they got was "They are at Machu Picchu, birth place of the Incas." No one knew its location, and after a futile search, the Spaniards gave up and turned to treasure easier to secure. Thus the secret of Machu Picchu seemed lost forever, and not till 1913 did Senator Bingham, following information given by a native, bring the ruins to light. Near the highest point of the city there still stands the large temple with the three great windows built by the first Incas. How those ancient people managed to get the materials up to that mountain top without the aid of machinery is beyond our comprehension. Some of the stones weigh as much as eight tons apiece.

Although the identity of the city is now established there remains much mystery about it. How long did those refugees, fleeing the Spaniards live there? Just how many of them were there? Where did they go? Did they all die one by one? When did the last one die? These questions may never be answered.

Some people may want to visit the pyramids, some the Parthenon, and some the remains of ancient Rome; but give me that birthplace and deathbed of an empire, a city hidden in the dust of former glory and the glamour of mystery, Machu Picchu, dream city of the Andes.

JOHN D. PREU.



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

*L*ET us picture life as a huge checker-board with each square representing some material gain, some fine art, or some intangible aspiration, and each piece some characteristic by which we may gain these ends. How unequal are the moves! The pieces of greed, deceit, and dissipation are all marred and disfigured by the grasping, clawing hands of their users, while those of temperance and resistance are left practically untouched, scorned, and branded as slow and painful weapons with which to win the game. Now why this partiality? Is it because we are born to be social-climbers, to be slaves to a money mad world, or is it that the impetus of this Juggernaut money has grown so great that we are caught in its momentum and then crushed? Let us consider the most neglected of all the pieces in the game — our power of resistance.

To take it from a personal point of view, this power is often measured by our will to say, "I can't afford it". Why is it that we are all so averse to acknowledging this fact? Is it because the American love of rivalry is so great that sports alone do not satisfy our unquenchable spirits and we have to resort to vying with our neighbors for social distinction? Or is there a deeper stimulus? Of course, when Mrs. Smith goes flaunting by in a new Packard roadster and we think of our 1924 Buick standing in the driveway, or when Mrs. Brown tells of the joys and comforts of her new Frigidaire and at that moment the iceman comes tracking his muddy boots over our spotless floors, there is a desire to overstep bounds, a shame to say "I can't afford it". But let us think of the recent stock market crash and the hundreds of would-be survivors, gasping and floundering in a sea of poverty, clutching wildly for some life-saver — the power of resistance — and then we shall no more vividly realize that saying "I can't afford it" does not sound a death knell to social distinction.

Now having discussed its more personal application, let us consider the power of resistance from a general point of view. It is an acknowledged fact that graft is one of the most powerful existing agencies toward debasing the morals of our country. There are traces of it everywhere and while we are cultivating our trees of life, pruning the topmost branches for cultural betterment, in the roots of these very trees there are tiny insects of pollution sucking in greedily the sap of their subsistence. When we think of graft and unfair politics, we generally consider them in respect to national government or at any rate to some influential institution. I feel myself incapable of discussing these relations, however, and so shall limit my references to school life. In our club activities and class procedures, instances of this graft appear like pricking thorns to scratch any perfection. Why? Isn't it indicative of a weak power of resistance, resistance to a desire for quick popularity? We must admit that these glamorous and smooth roads to rapid self-boasting and overnight notoriety are attractive, and any poor insignificant member of a class might be lured into the snare. But that is where the resistance comes in. We must learn to make the best man win and be strong



enough to overcome our own ambition and envy — strong to realize that without fundamental principle from the beginning we are lost.

Once more we may use our power of resistance — this time in opposition to what James Truslow Adams calls the mucker pose. Some of us fear being too intellectual, too refined for our associates. If we consider the percentages, reading each of two groups of novels, those of the old masters and modern writers of repute and those "best-sellers" that depend upon sensational blurbs and red and yellow paper covers for circulation, we shall not be able to boast so proudly of this progressing world. Why this preference? Surely our appreciation of beauty hasn't decreased so greatly. Aren't we influenced by our desire to follow the careless, rather light-headed mob and to be in with the popular trend of thought, by our fear of being stamped eccentric and antique if we find beauty in the so-called "dry classics", by our fear of resisting public opinion? And it is the same with slang, with liquor, or with dissipations. I am sure that half the people who adorn their speech with damn's or who drink ostentatiously, do so only to conceal any traits of refinement that may be natural to them. Excessive indulgence would be avoided if it weren't that public sentiment is unfortunately too strong for the strength of our own convictions. Often "it isn't being done" is a potent piece against our power of resistance.

The power of resistance may be the most unconsidered of all the checkers on the board of life. But imagine the impossibility of winning a game of checkers with one piece untouched. The tactics of the game of life are the same. Since we must use all our men, let us play the power of resistance one first. It may be a winning move.

* * * *

MR. HOLDEN — Although many of us have had no definite personal contact with you, your personality, leadership, and guidance have created for us an atmosphere of trust. All of us, whether directly or indirectly connected with you, have been strongly conscious of this sincere and truly friendly atmosphere, and it is with the deepest regret that we bid you farewell.

OUR FACULTY — Although when we first entered Weaver as timid freshman we rather feared you, with your iron rods of discipline and your endless assignments, we can only now realize the worth of your rigid training, making us stronger candidates for the power of resistance. We soon learned also that under the covering of routine and form, there was a deep personal interest in our activities, and we found in you some of the sincerest friends we shall ever know. With genuine appreciation we say farewell.

MY CLASSMATES — At last the day for parting has come. Our journey together has not been a path of roses. We have had our rivalries and our disagreements, but aren't we, because of these difficulties, better fitted for life, better fitted, once again, for the power of resistance? And though some of us may never see each other again, remember that our struggles together and our pleasures together were the first moves in our games of life. It is with the deepest hope that you will all be winners that I say farewell.

EVELYN SHIMELMAN.



AUTOGRAPHS

more - - - wise
M. C. Kingard
Eleanor Horn
Helen Schlesky
Ling in Comm

Graham S. Winslow
Helen A. Haseltine
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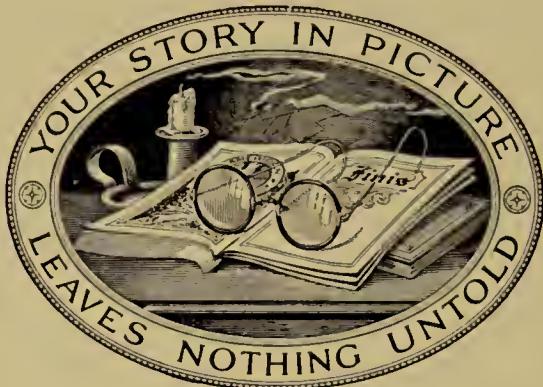
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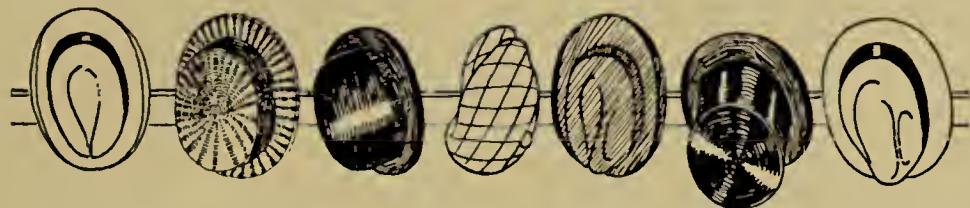
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